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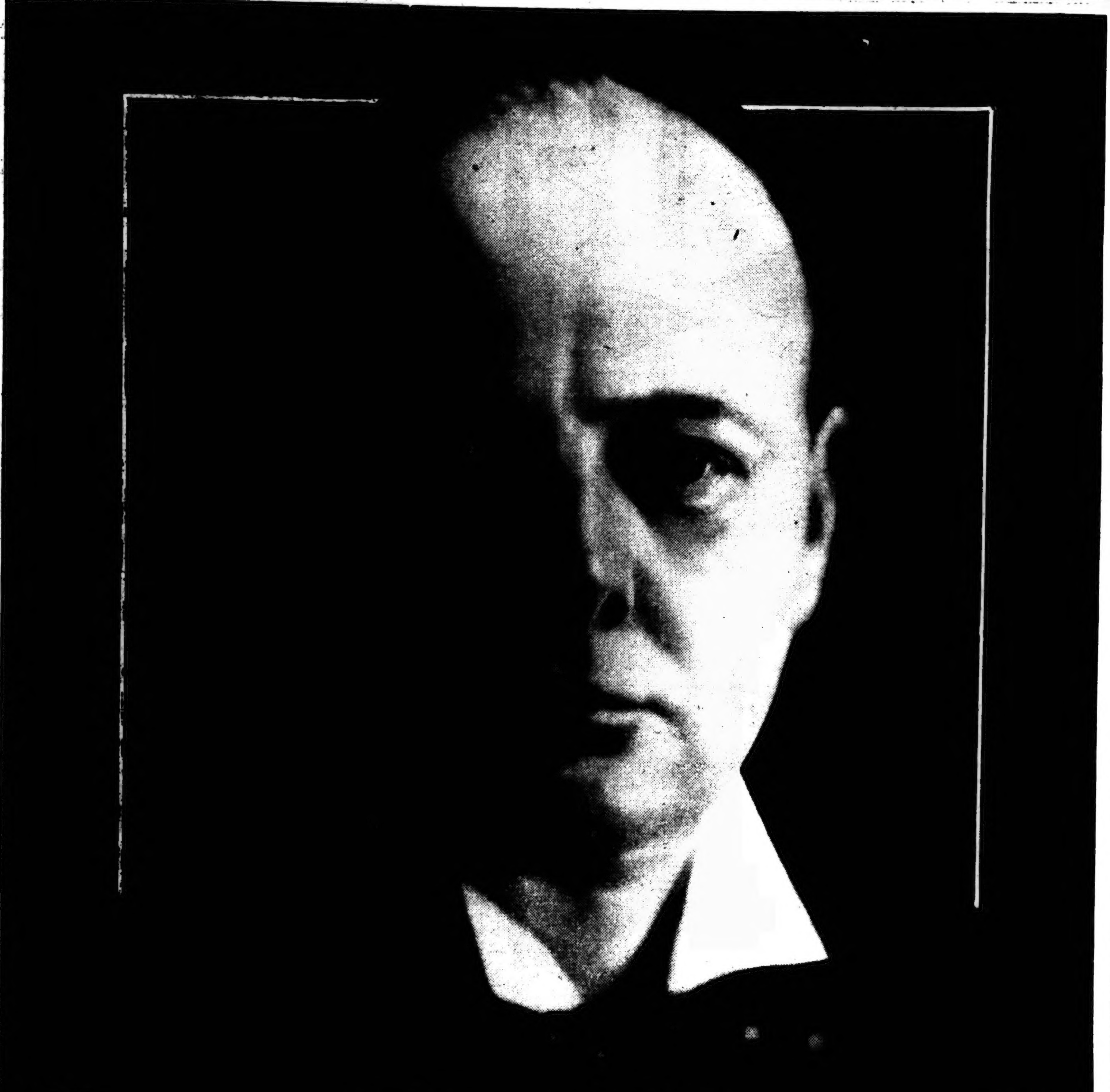

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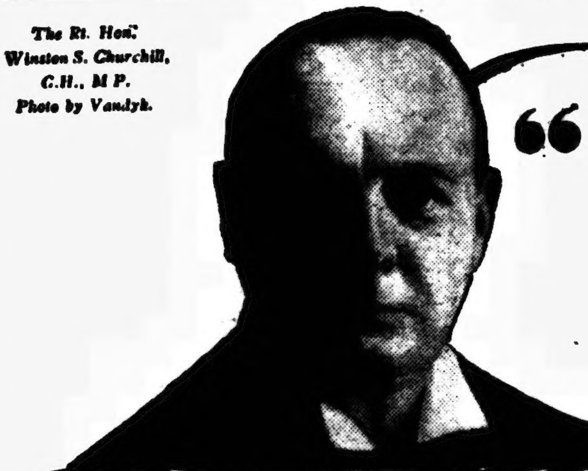

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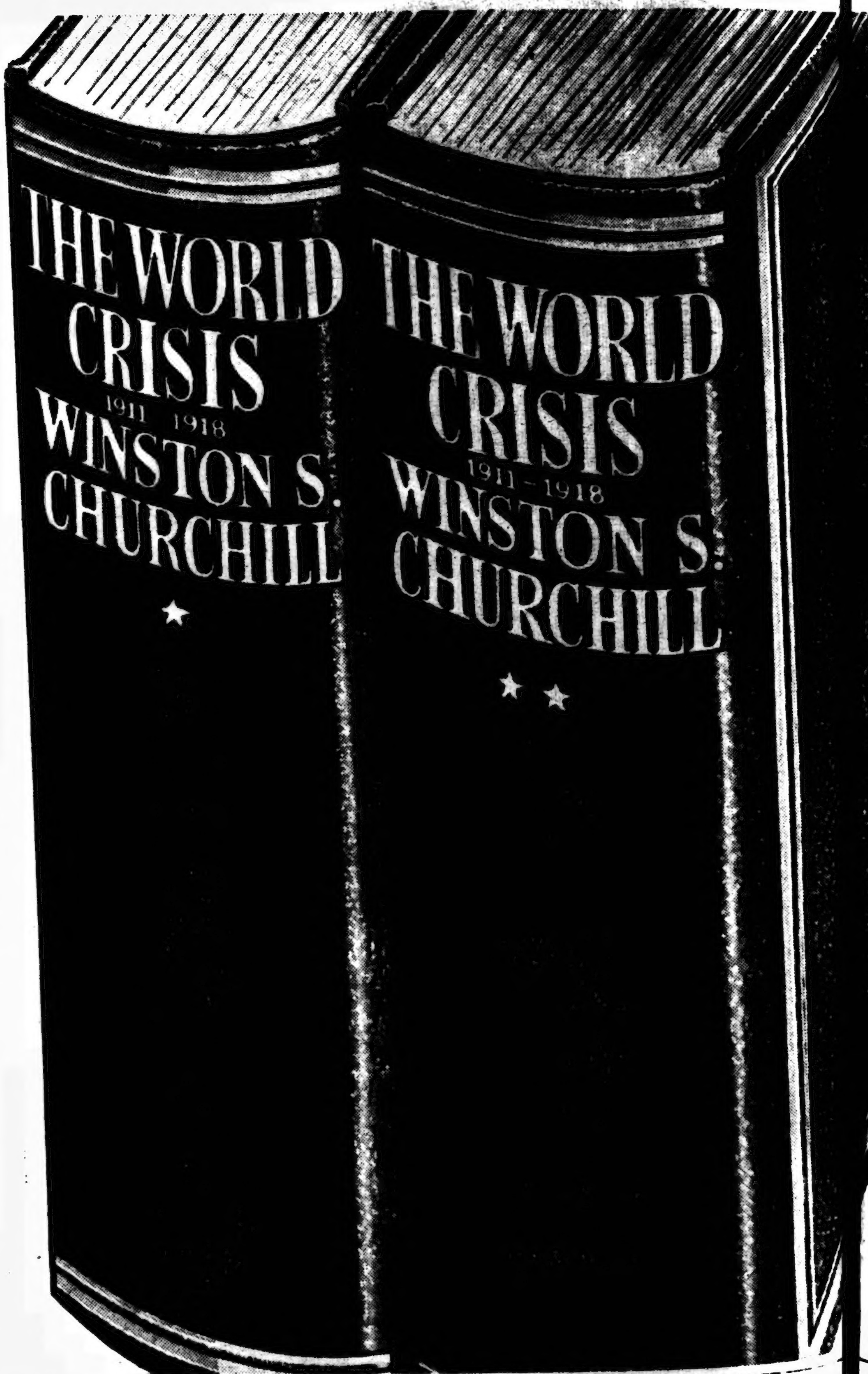
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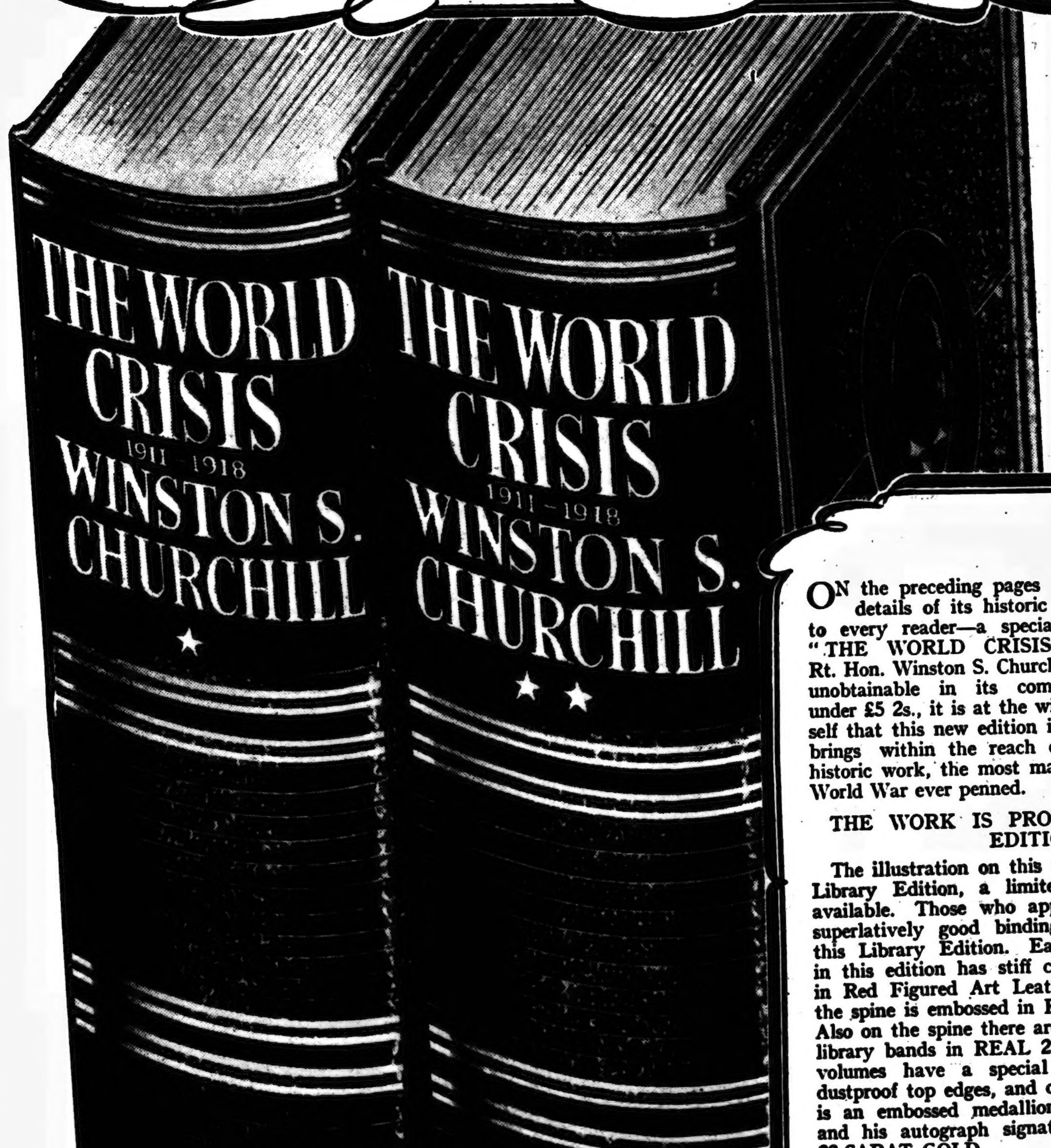

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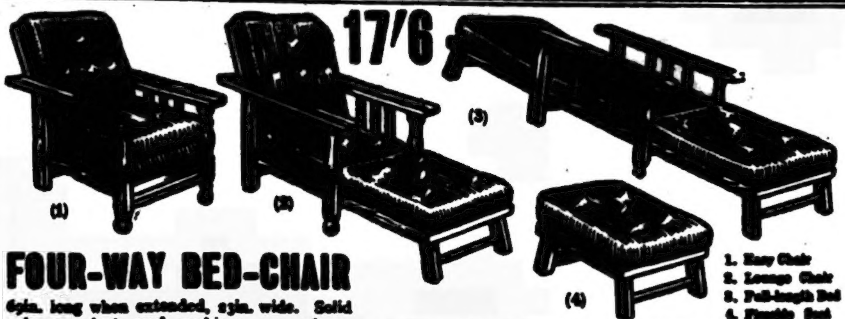

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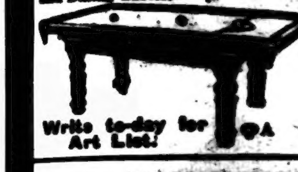

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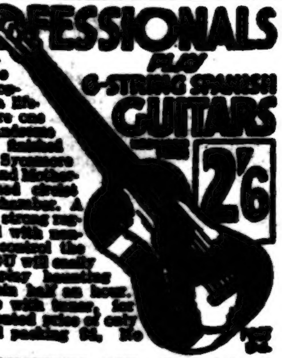

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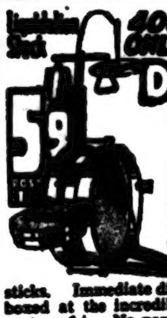

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SEATS FITTED WITH LOOSE CUSHIONS IN VELVETEEN

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No. SP.984.—An entirely new design in Lounge Furniture. This Suite is built on solid, seasoned Birch frames; well upholstered and sprung, and covered in hard-wearing grained leather cloth in Blue, Brown, Red or Green. The deep-sprung seats are fitted with loose cushions in velveteen. Settee 54in. wide. Easy Chairs 33in. wide.

5-PIECE SUITE in WALNUT

COMPRISING: 4-FT. WARDROBE, TRIPLE-MIRROR TABLE, 4-DRAWER CHEST, 4-FT. BEDSTEAD AND COIL SPRING.

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No. SP.976.—Compact, well-made and modern in design, sturdily built in selected figured Oak and polished Jacobean or Parchment colour with a good wax finish. 4ft. SIDEBOARD fitted with two large cupboards and two drawers (one baize lined for cutlery). 3ft. by 2ft. Drawleaf Table and 4 Dining Chairs with loose seats in leather cloth.

THIS SUITE IN JACOBEAN OR PARCHMENT SHADE

3-PIECE LOUNGE SUITE IN REAL HIDE

(REXINE OUTSIDES)

FITTED WITH PULLMAN CUSHIONS

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No. SP.978.—Massively designed for comfort and long service and of distinctive and imposing appearance. Expertly upholstered in real cowhide (rexine outsides) on seasoned solid Birch frames, with fronts panelled in polished Oak. Deep-sprung seats fitted with Pullman [illegible] spring cushions in velveteen. Settee 61 in. wide. Easy chairs 37 in. wide. A very superior production—worth considerably more than the price at which it is offered.

METAL-ACTION BED-SETTEE SUITE

SALE PRICE BED SETTEE 7 GNS

3-PIECE SUITE SALE CASH PRICE 10½ GNS OR 25 PAYMENTS OF 9/6

6/6 A MONTH FOR 25 MONTHS

No. SP.789.—A magnificent SUITE, expertly upholstered on seasoned Birch frames and covered in Grained Leather Cloth in Brown, Blue, Red, or Green, with Oak polished arms and moulded facings. Settee is fitted with a reliable all-metal-action and opens to a full-length double bed, complete with wire mattress and Luxury-Wool Overlay. Settee 4ft. 9in. wide. Easy Chairs 30 in. wide.

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Comprising—3 Ft. WARDROBE, TRIPLE MIRROR DRESSING TABLE, 3-DRAWER CHEST, 4-FT. BEDSTEAD & COIL SPRING

SALE PRICE 8 GNS

7/6 A MONTH FOR 25 MONTHS

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3-PIECE SUITE ONLY 5½ gns.

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5-PIECE SUITE in OAK

Comprising:—4-Ft. WARDROBE, DRESSING TABLE, 4-DRAWER CHEST, 4-Ft. BEDSTEAD AND COIL SPRING.

3-PIECE SUITE ONLY GNS.

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FITTED WITH PULLMAN MULTI-SPRING CUSHIONS

No. SP.978.—A superior production in a very popular modern design. Hand-made throughout by expert upholsterers, and covered in superior quality Tapestries in Blues, Fawns and Greens. The patent Sprung seats are fitted with Pullman multi-spring cushions. Four well-filled back cushions to match. Settee 50 in. wide. Easy Chairs 33 in. wide.

8-PIECE DINING SET IN FIGURED OAK

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No. SP.979.—A massively-proportioned Suite of imposing design and new-time workmanship. Solidly built in figured Oak and polished Jacobean or Parchment colour. 4-FT. SIDEBOARD fitted with 2 large cupboards and 2 drawers (1 baize-lined), 5ft. by 3ft. Drawleaf TABLE, and 4 Saddle-seat DINING CHAIRS with rexine seats. Worth considerably more than our Sale Price.

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in LEATHER, CLOTH & TAPESTRY

SETTEE OPENS TO A DOUBLE BED IN ONE EASY ACTION

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BED-SETTEE ONLY 89/6 Or 13 Monthly Payments of 7/6.

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WHERE-WILL-YOU-BE-A-YEAR-FROM-NOW?

JAN 39

Where will you be a year from now?
In affluence steady? or want?
Will you delay with a spineless eye
The thing that you ought to do to-day?
Or list to the dame that comes this way
And drink at her brimming font.

NOTICE TO BENNETT COLLEGE STUDENTS AND OTHERS.

Dear Student,

Perhaps it is because I act as fatherly advisor to so many that at this time of the year my mind automatically looks back on the past year's work and then leaps forward to the possibilities of this new year.

During the past few quiet days, we have been carefully folding and placing in our Glory Corner some thousands of letters which we have received during 1938 from students who have passed their examinations, who have moved forward into higher positions and achieved their ambition, and I naturally say to myself, ''Will 1939 bring us the same glorious results?'' and to you personally, I now say, do you feel ready keyed up to make a great success of 1939? Have you got it firmly fixed in your mind that you are determined to go forward and succeed? I do sincerely hope so because I am keenly anxious for your success and here is the opportunity. 1939 is going to be a boom year, and it is in such periods of prosperity that the wise man puts his career on a sound basis, socially and financially. You can do that with the assurance that myself and the whole of the College staff are keen to help and encourage you.

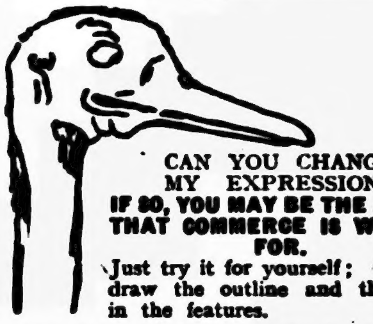
To those who have not yet selected their career or line of advancement: if you have any doubt whatever as to what you should do, write to me personally, Fatherly Advice Department. It costs you nothing whatever to get this advice and you are under no obligation. Our duty is to help and we take a delight in doing it.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. Bennett

JAN 40

Where will you be a year from now?
Dame Fortune is still at your door.
She knocks but once, I have heard men say,
Don't fritter or haggle your chance away
Or bitter the price you have to pay
If she comes again no more.



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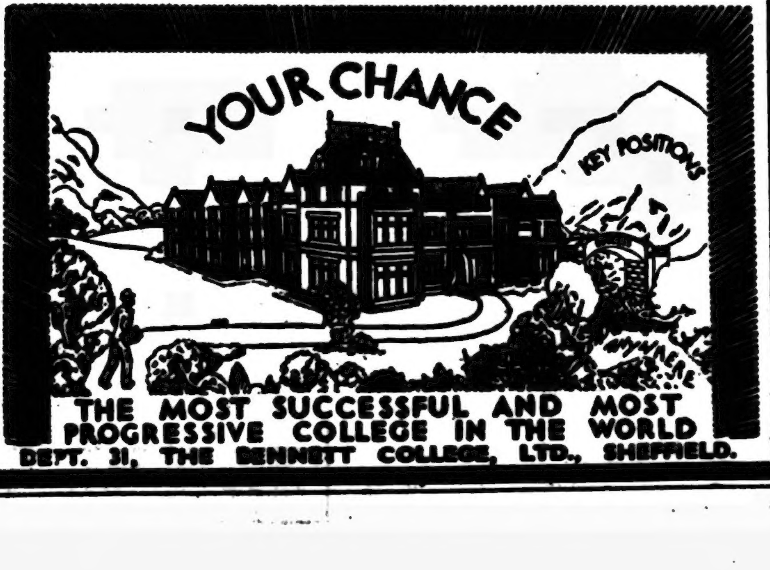

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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, January 7, 1939.

JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM
THE SHOULDER

Plan Britain's Health and Wealth!

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The attainment of these ends doesn't depend on Britain alone. But it's up to us to do our utmost.

Strength and Security

Spare no efforts to bring the nations closer. Make Britain strong to guard the peace. And strong not only in weapons, but in the quality of her manhood.

Stimulate those social services which will build a healthier population. Increase the produce of our native soil. The nation must be ready to march on its stomach—so put agriculture on its feet.

Too Much Talk

Yes, we're all back at work—except our M.P.s. They won't return till the end of the month. But don't grudge them this respite. We need fresh, not tired, minds to guide our destinies.

Parliament sits too much, not too little.

Too many stale arguments repeated till they're mildewed. Often delivered to almost empty benches.

Full-Time M.P.s

Your best M.P. is the man in the prime of life, still active in other ways.

He brings to the nation's counsels the fruits of up-to-the-minute and first-hand experience of the problems of the day.

The more Parliament becomes a whole-time job the less this type of man can enter it. Already the average M.P. is too old, many enjoying their £600 a year as a kind of pension.

Better pay them a pension not to sit at all.

Room for Youth

Proposals for retirement allowances to aged Members of slender means will be discussed when the House reassembles. The allowances will come from a levy on Members' salaries. So that's scarcely a public concern.

But the public is concerned with the quality and vitality of those who rule us.

Much to be said for making retirement compulsory for M.P.s who have reached a certain age without attaining distinction. Better still, influence your local Party associations to choose younger candidates!

Busy Cranks

M.P.s plan to increase their own comfort by pensions. We hope they won't try to restrict the public's ease by pettifogging "temperance" legislation.

At least three Bills of this kind coming up soon. One to fix a 10 p.m. closing time everywhere. Another to close all clubs in Wales on Sundays. A third to bar the opening of licensed houses in new districts until a majority of the inhabitants say so.

Killjoys are launching a new drive—against darts in public-houses

Friendly Glass

JOHN BULL is against intemperance. But Britain is not intemperate. Many relish a friendly glass. Why should they be stopped either by tyrannous minorities or tyrannous majorities?

Remedy abuses, certainly. Ban bogus clubs, for example. That would be a genuine reform. Ministers and M.P.s have talked about that now for years. But they've done nothing.

Wicked Darts

Here's temperance run riot. No darts in public-houses! That's a cry from Bethesda, North Wales. Object of a campaign directed from there by the Free Church Council.

Nothing could be more foolish. The churches' aim is to promote temperance. Convert the ale-house into a social centre as many brewers are doing, and you encourage temperance.

Save the dart that is thrown in friendliness! Save that friendliness from the slings and arrows of misguided righteousness!

Dark Disgrace

Let there be light! Better still, let there be cheaper light! Let there be public ownership of electricity supply!

JOHN BULL has been taking soundings at the Admiralty. Generating costs at publicly owned stations in the dockyards far below bulk supply quotations offered by private undertakings.

Yet the Government will not turn its own experience to the public's account. A Bill to rationalise electricity distribution was on the shelf for over two years. Now it's been thrown away.

Shilling a Home

Here's more public prodigality. Local authorities have to register motor vehicles and collect duties on them. This task now costs ratepayers £670,000 a year—equal to a 1s. contribution from every home in the country.

That's a lot of money to pay out to get other money in. A lot too much!

Whitehall Slums

True, economy can be penny wise and pound foolish. The State, for example, gives its civil servants a short working week and more generous holiday allowances than are enjoyed by other workers. So you'd expect the sickness absence rate in Government departments to be lower than elsewhere. But it isn't.

It's eleven days a year on the average. Reason: unhealthy buildings. Whitehall is supposed to be sweeping away the nation's slums. Let it sweep away its own!

Pound Foolish

Ex-Serviceman Alexander Munro has had first-hand experience of false public economy. At starvation point, Alexander pawned his suit and overcoat to get food. Then he had to go to Aberdeen poor-law hospital to be treated for malnutrition.

Having recovered, he asked the authorities to redeem his clothing that he might seek work. He asked for only £1, and that on loan. But the authorities refused.

So Alexander must stay in the poor house indefinitely. At a cost of 32s. a week to ratepayers!

Dame Dignity

Breathe humanity into the robots of officialdom! Too often the State is like some haughty old dame—meaning well, but not knowing how to unbend.

Sailors, soldiers and airmen have priority, on discharge, for employment in the Post Office and other Government departments.

An excellent idea! The State thus finds work for those who have worked for the State.

Accepted—

Now hear how Mr. E. Whille, of Evans Terrace, Bowling, Bradford, was deprived of his due by bureaucratic rigidity. His Army record examined, medical tests passed, he was accepted as a postman and measured for his new uniform.

—And Spurned

Then—horrible discovery!—his height was found to be 5 ft. 3½ in. Sorry! he was told, the job's off. He was half an inch below the standard!

A half-inch that didn't stop him from fighting the nation's wars bars him from delivering the nation's letters. That half-inch wouldn't have saved his life in battle. But it's enough to lose him his livelihood now!

Paper Wages

Often the tiniest regulations are observed to the last letter, while important laws are dishonoured by non-observance.

Thus thousands of farm labourers are not getting the pay to which they're entitled.

County Wages Boards awarded many increases last year. Average pay raised from about 30s. to nearer 35s. Raised, that is, on paper.

Afraid to Speak

But, too often, not in practice. Workers afraid to complain to their employers. It may mean the sack, and—if they live in tied cottages—loss of home, too!

Appoint more inspectors! See that the law's obeyed.

Way to Preserve Peace

STILL the dust flies between France and Italy.

Remember what we said on the morrow of the Czech crisis? We said, don't let us be so mad as to let such a crisis happen again. Next time, let us get down to a problem and tackle it before it grows into a crisis.

Already this trouble between Italy and France has been brewing a long time. Indeed, arguments over the French colony of Tunis have been simmering for more than fifty years—ever since the French seized it in 1883.

So here is a colonial quarrel, very like the colonial quarrels that arose in crowds from 1880 onwards, when the Great Powers, ourselves included, were carving up Africa.

With the makings of war? Yes, with the makings of a war, if mishandled and left to smoulder.

But easy to get over peacefully around a table, just as, for that matter, the colonial quarrels in Africa were got over last century without a "Great Power" war.

So let us have this problem discussed by an impartial body. Let Italy call off her campaign of threats.

Then let France freely open the whole matter for discussion.

Both countries would lose by war a million times more than they will gain. And if Mr. Chamberlain, in Rome next week, can get discussion going, the idiots may say that something or other has been "sold," but sensible men and women will say that common sense has been served.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

- Speed, Not Accuracy!
- Saving on Safety
- Fingerprints for All

AS a bricklayer, it puzzles me how many of the houses built to-day get any sort of certificate of habitation.

I was working on one of my several distant jobs when I was set on erecting a corner. I picked up my rule prior to plumbing it.

There was a shout from the manager: "It's speed we want here, not accuracy." —B. Strong, 44, Marina Road, Bredbury, Cheshire.

A policeman who went into a half-finished house near London, to keep observation on two suspicious characters, leaned against an outer wall—and fell right through!

Tax Dodgers

Small taxpayers are hounded by the income tax authorities until they pay up.

Yet prominent figures in the entertainment, boxing and financial world can get out of the country owing thousands. A ghastly anomaly, if ever there was one.—M. A. Race, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

People who default in this way, however, cannot come back until the tax is paid. Britain is closed to many famous film stars in consequence.

The Other Side

That was an interesting article in JOHN BULL on "Can We Save the Railways?"—but may I point out how the railways and railwaymen, of whom I am one, are the target of undeserved mud?

Hundreds of firms consistently notify customers "Your goods were despatched by rail to-day," and then send them a week or ten days later.

Destination stations are then so badgered by the visits and telephone calls of consignees, wondering whether their stuff is lost, that efficiency is hampered. The railways lose both ways. —W. G. Clarke, Frimleigh, 159, Stayton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

We have confirmed that this is so. The railways are fair game for firms that consistently send goods late because there is no postmark to give the game away. Such tricks sometimes cost the railways more money—in special searches of records at "destination stations"—than the firms pay for sending the goods.

Fashion's Whims

It may seem a small thing that the Sunday suit has gone out of fashion, but to me it has just meant the loss of a good job after a lifetime of service.

These are days when flannel bags, pullovers, knitted things that pour off the machines in thousands, suffice for Sunday or any other day.

The effect not only on myself but on many thousands of excellent tailors is tragic.—F. C. Slee, Clifford Way, Neasden, N.W.10.

Hatters have been even worse hit than tailors. Yet trade observers say there are signs of a return of pride in a good suit, well cut, with shoes and hat to match. Women's blouses were said to have gone for ever—but they came back.

Amateur Policemen

Two children at local schools have been knocked down on going home from lessons. One has died.

Therefore the local education authority has asked twenty of us—myself among them—whether we will undertake the duty of traffic control.

I am pleased to say that all twenty of us have done so, so that there comes into being one more safeguard for the children.—A. H. De Nothin, 111, Jeffrey Street, Gillingham, Kent.

We will print any reply the local education authority cares to make to this. Our own view is that 2,000,000 people are unemployed, and that among those 2,000,000 are people well able to control traffic.

No rate-aided authority has a right, in face of these facts, to expect its children to be looked after for nothing.

For centuries, deer, the most timid of all British wild creatures, have revelled in the 4,000 acres of Savernake Forest, oldest private forest in England.

Now, however, the Forestry Commission has taken charge there—as part of its work of afforestation.

It has found that deer and young trees don't go together.

So deer have got to go. Grand Avenue, Savernake, seen in this photograph by Reader Winstone, of Bristol, will see them no more.

Neglected Mothers

They've given mothers in my district an old mortuary as an ante-natal clinic.

This, despite the fact that there was quite a nice property available opposite—which they have bought to use as a centre for issuing relief.

Incidentally, the council has spent £3,000 buying the old Liberal Club—a lovely place, overlooking the Castle Gardens—as an A.R.P. headquarters.—Mrs. Rene Thurston (mother of three children), 26, Breton Road, Rochester.

Three local authorities out of five think that anything will do for the mothers.

They Cannot Lie

Everybody should be finger-printed.

Who knows what might happen to us? We might be mutilated beyond recognition. Then a very exact science would be at work to enable the authorities to identify us.

Moreover, it would enable the police to bring about a very satisfactory reduction in crime.—Louis Greenstein, 45[illegible] Street, Glasgow.

America is trying to finge[illegible] whole nation on a volun[illegible] One quarter of the people are agreeable: the rest are against it.

If the feeling is the same in this country—and we admit that it is untested—we are against compulsion. We hate all compulsion, except where absolutely necessary.

The Helpful Hairpin

Is there anything in the world more useful than a hair-grip?

I clip my papers with one when writing. I use one as a stitch-holder when knitting. And when the clutch of my young man's motor-cycle slipped recently, my hair-clip acted as a split-pin and we rode off again.—Miss M. Thompson, 48, Bannister Street, Withernsea, E. Yorks.

More useful than the hair-grip is the hairpin it superseded.

Muddle-Heads

Traffic signs should have the same importance everywhere—but they don't. Here's an instance:

On the Rugby-Market Harborough road, where it crosses the busy Holyhead road, there is a "Halt" sign on the Rugby side, but only a "Slow" sign on the other side, which is a far more dangerous approach.—F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

Reason seems to be that one sign is in Leicestershire, the other in Warwickshire. It seems a pity to us that local authorities don't consult one another more on all road matters.

Lament for Strings

A friend of mine who manages a music shop has just been caught by a very ingenious trick.

A ragged man entered and asked if he could leave his violin for an hour or so, as it was raining. Later a well-dressed man called with the story that he wanted a good violin and, noticing the one left by the previous visitor, offered £30 for it.

My friend asked him to call again and offered the shabby fellow £15 for the instrument—which sum he paid. But the second man hasn't come back, and the violin has been valued at 10s. 6d.—Mr. Chris Gordon, 183, Clepington Road, Dundee.

We exposed the gang "working" this old trick some years ago. It has a repertoire of about a dozen such tricks, tries them in turn.

What a Game!

I was talking to a county cricketer—an amateur—who estimates that it costs him something like £4 a week for the privilege of playing his favourite game.

I doubt whether anybody pays such a high rate as that for playing that most expensive of all games—golf.—F. E. C., Uxbridge.

Golf seems cheap when you know that the mastership of the Fernie Hunt costs about £7,500 a season—and some masterships even more.

Turning the Screws!

I am a boy of fifteen, still attending school, and anxious to keep fit. But how can I?

We have forty minutes a fortnight for football or cricket. We are supposed to have an hour's physical training each week, but this is only a farce.

Homework ensures that we shan't play a game in the evenings or at weekends.

Add to that that there are no facilities for drying wet clothes and shoes and you'll see why many boys, myself among them, are rheumatic subjects already.—W. J. V., Liverpool.

The increasing ravage of rheumatism among school children is worrying the Ministry of Health. Perhaps it will have a word with the Board of Education—about that and tendency of schools to steal more and more of children's leisure.

When in Doubt—

Because I read JOHN BULL regularly I was able to prevent scores of colleagues at my place of business from buying "draw" tickets in a concern exposed by you.

They all insisted on getting—and got—their money back.

The man who was selling the tickets, and acting in all innocence, joins me in this letter of thanks.—A. McL., Telfer Road, Radford, Coventry.

When in doubt about any such tickets, write to JOHN BULL about it.

Forgiveness Pays

Rushed, I gave a man £50 to cash.

The money didn't appear. I traced the man to a Holyhead steamer.

He confessed—implored me to spare him. I did.

But was I wrong, either in trusting him with so much or forgiving him?—James Wilson, "Cluny Lodge," Lisalway, Castlerea, Roscommon, Eire.

We don't know that man's plight. It makes a difference. But judging on final results, reader Wilson came out of it with credit.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

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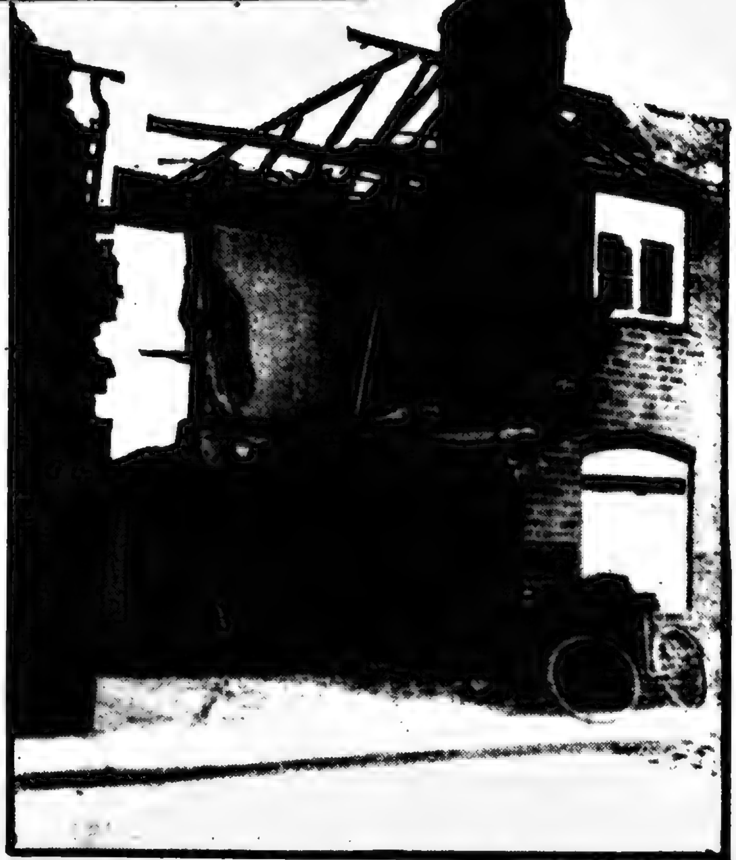
39 FEB

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

A Man Lay Dying in This House



The demolition in Blue School Street, Hereford

In Hereford a man lay dying. As his end came near, workmen were smashing down the roof of his house, plaster was falling on his bed, his ears were filled with the clangour of hammers, and when he opened his eyes for the last time it was to see the sky through a gap in the wrecked ceiling.

This man was a hero who deserved every reward a grateful country could shower upon him. Yet his wretched end was only the culmination of eighteen years of martyrdom, imposed upon him chiefly by the callous blunderings of officialdom.

Many people suffer under those blunderings, but surely no victim was ever more brutally used than this one.

So that the public may know what can still happen in Britain to-day, and because three great national scandals are illustrated by this one case, we set down here the story of the late Mr. James Marchant, of Blue School Street, Hereford.

THEY used to call him "Lucky Marchant"—but that was during the Great War, throughout which he served in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

From Mons until near the Armistice he was never out of the front-line area, and yet he escaped without a scratch. His friends talked often about his "charmed life."

But in one of the final offensives he was buried by a shell explosion. Even then, when they dug him out, he seemed to be still unhurt.

Soon after he returned to civil life, however, this big-framed, healthy man began to weaken. Cruel pain gripped his limbs.

Medical men were puzzled by his condition. They experimented with many kinds of treatment—medicine, massage, light-therapy, and so on.

All in vain. His agony grew worse. He was able to work less and less. He walked like a drunken man.

Twelve years ago he collapsed completely.

By then, the doctors were suspecting that the paralysis which had seized him was a long-delayed consequence of the shell-burst.

One day he was taken by his wife to the War Pensions offices. The officials rebuked her for bringing him there in such a helpless state; but, beyond that, they had no concern or interest in him.

They shook their heads when Mrs. Marchant pleaded that he should be examined by the Ministry's doctors for the purpose of pension.

IT would be superfluous, they said, for such a course to be taken. Had she never heard of the Seven Years' Limitation?

They were referring, of course, to the meanest regulation ever imposed on men broken in this country's service—the rule which excludes them from the statutory right to claim pension more than seven years after the war.

Tens of thousands of former sailors and soldiers, whose war incapacities were not revealed until long after discharge, have been victimised by that callous law.

James Marchant was one of the first of those to be oppressed by it.

From the Ministry's offices he was taken back to bed never to rise again—never, in fact, to move again without the help of his wife and a nurse.

Often the authorities were asked for clemency, if only to send a medical board to his home to examine him.

There was no response.

His own and hospital doctors had no doubt that his pitiful disability dated from the moment he was struck down on the battlefield.

—but they went on pulling it down!

But there was no compassion from the Ministry of Pensions.

So Mr. and Mrs. Marchant had to become paupers with a weekly allowance of £1 from public funds.

When fire and light and rent of eight shillings were paid, the couple had about eightpence a day each for food and sick-room necessaries!

This miserable treatment of the sick is the second of the national scandals to which we referred above.

For twelve years, James Marchant lay on his back in the upper room of the small cottage in Blue School Street.

A few weeks ago came the first news that this could not be much longer his home.

The local council had a development scheme in hand. Houses in Blue School Street had to come down. To allow this to be done, they were condemned.

Mrs. Marchant went anxiously to the Town Hall to enquire about other accommodation.

SHE was assured that she need not worry. The authorities were aware of her husband's plight and the little home would not be touched until another was ready for him.

Then the occupiers of the next-door cottage were moved into a council house.

Now, at this time there was no reason to believe that Mr. Marchant's end was near.

The doctors had said that, although his condition could never improve, he would probably live for a considerable time.

On Saturday afternoon she was attending him in the bedroom. Suddenly, from overhead and from the wall behind the bed, came a series of crashing sounds.

The woman ran out in alarm. On the roofs of her cottage and the adjoining one were squads of workmen with sledgehammers and pickaxes, removing the tiles and coping-stones.

Mrs. Marchant signalled to them frantically to stop. They shouted down to her that the property had been sold a few days before to a firm of contractors for demolition, and their orders were to get on with the job.

And get on with it they did. So effectively that the man who had not moved for nearly twelve years started up in fright at each of the hammer blows.

When night came, the workmen went away. They sent a spokesman to Mrs. Marchant to express regret for the disturbance.

Sunday was a day of peace in Blue School Street. But it marked the beginning of the end for Mr. Marchant. The shock of the events of the previous afternoon had brought death nigh.

Surely, Mrs. Marchant supposed, there would be no repetition of the outrage.

But on Monday morning the housebreakers were back again. Now they started to remove the roof immediately over the dying man's head.

THE din went on for hours. As the slates rattled and the rafters were torn away, Marchant groaned in agony. Soon the sky could be seen through the ceiling.

A body of indignant neighbours, led by a priest, begged the men to stop work. At last they did so—for a little while.

On Tuesday they returned and pulled down the chimney-stack of the next house. Mr. Marchant was in a state of frenzy.

Wednesday was chosen as the day for the removal of the spouting. It clattered in sections to the ground under the drive of the pickaxes.

That day there was rain and sleet. Through the gaping roof it trickled down the walls of the room where Marchant was in agony. The workmen put up a tarpaulin canopy to shelter him.

On Thursday the Hereford Council acted. It was fouud, after all, that a house was available for the Marchants and the woman was ordered to make her husband ready for temporary lodging in the workhouse infirmary.

But the authorities were too late. James Marchant died a few hours after the message was delivered.

As his coffin lay in the room which had been his world for twelve years rain dripped down upon it.

It happened in Britain the other day. . . .

A. G. Gardiner has a bold plan for Peace. He envisages the—

UNITED STATES of the WORLD

A. G. Gardiner, wisest of commentators on current affairs, shows how civilisation can yet be saved

IN my article last week I confined myself to the menace of the New Year and to the immediate measures this country should take to combat it.

To-day I shall endeavour to sketch a long-range policy and to indicate the goal to which that policy should be directed.

Both the immediate and the ultimate goals must be prepared for.

We do not know where the next stroke of the dictators will fall. All we know is that it will fall somewhere and fall soon.

It may be the plunder of the Catholic Church. Hitler is in urgent need of money. He has exhausted his loot of Austria.

HE is finding his pillage of the Jews difficult to collect, and the plunder of the Catholic Church may next be flung into the armaments furnace in which all the wealth of Germany is being consumed.

Or Hitler and Mussolini may be contemplating a joint thrust, the one in Poland and the Ukraine, the other in the Mediterranean.

Whatever the bolt that is being forged, it will come without warning and at the moment when England and France can be caught "on the wrong foot," as they say in tennis.

This is the immediate menace that we have to meet, but in meeting it we must have a long-distance policy in view.

That policy should be based on the fact that the old world structure has collapsed and that a new world structure is in the making.

Whatever shape the new structure takes, it will differ from the old in one cardinal respect. It will be a unit.

National loyalties will remain, all the varieties of race and colour, genius and taste will remain, and in the domestic sphere political independence will remain.

But these diversities of interest and outlook will be subject in their external relations to a World State, to an authority which shall represent all and safeguard the three vital interests of the individual wherever he may dwell—peace, justice and personal liberty.

An impossible dream? No. Not impossible, but in some form inevitable. When the bottom fell out of our universe in the World War the issue was foreordained.

We have been living since and are living to-day through the first agonies of parturition. We are giving birth to a World State.

The old structure has become uninhabitable, and we can no more go back to it than England can go back to the Heptarchy.

It is not a matter of choice, it is a matter of compulsion. The miracles of modern science make it impossible for nations to dwell any longer in water-tight compartments.

Our political boundaries have ceased to have any relation to our common needs. We fly over those boundaries in aeroplanes.

We talk to the ends of the earth as easily as to our next-door neighbour.

We scour the earth for the things by which we live, exchanging the coal of this country for the copper of that, the tea here for the coffee there, cotton for copra, manganese for potash, and so on *ad infinitum*.

We have woven such a texture of interdependence that no country can live to itself alone. No rent in the texture can be localised.

SINCE we are all of a piece, the survival of civilisation depends on whether we can bring our political relations into conformity with our economic needs, especially the need of peace.

FOR WITHOUT PEACE THIS COMPLEX MODERN CIVILISATION CANNOT FUNCTION.

How is this World State to be brought about? Two principles are in conflict. They are unity imposed by Force and conquest, or unity reached by consent and good will.

Let us look at the first. Three great military Powers have set out to conquer the world and unify it by Fear.

At this stage they are in co-operation; but that is only the first phase. Assume their victory. Assume that Japan is supreme in Asia, Germany in Europe, Italy in the Mediterranean and Africa.

What then? The "axis" automatically goes out of action. Having cleared the decks of the democratic Powers, the military tyrants will turn on each other.

"World Power or Downfall" will still be the slogan of Germany as she sweeps the Italian jackal that has served her purpose out of her path.

In the end we might have the World State as it is conceived by Hitler. We might have peace—the peace of a world united under a common terror.

IN a word, the peace of death, in which everything that makes human life tolerable would have perished.

What is the alternative to this nightmare? It is the World State founded on reason, consent and co-operation.

That was the principle which, on the morrow of the World War that had destroyed even the old structure of international society, we sought to implement in the League of Nations.

The attempt failed. The causes of its failure, except in one particular, I have no room to discuss here.

But the principle remains as the only way of salvation for mankind. Its embodiment in a more efficient shape is the immediate task.

How is it to be done? The central vice of the League is that it is a confederation of independent and sovereign Governments which, under the challenge of force, fell asunder like a rope of sand. It will always be so.

WHAT WE NEED IS NOT A CONFEDERATION OF GOVERNMENTS, BUT A UNION OF PEOPLES.

We must take the experience of the United States of America for our guide. After the War of Independence, the separate States sought to retain their sovereign rights. The result was catastrophe.

Then came the Union, each State retaining its domestic independence, but surrendering the sovereign rights to the whole nation.

This is the expedient which the free nations of the earth must adopt, and adopt now, if world unity is to be established on a basis of peace and human liberty. We are all alike under the shadow of a common terror.

THE danger is now fully manifest to all the democratic nations, and this is the moment not only to avert the immediate peril, but to lay the foundation of the World State of the future on the union of the free peoples.

IT RESTS WITH THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH, THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH AND FRANCE TO GIVE THE LEAD.

If it is given boldly there will be an immediate stampede of the lesser Powers, in Scandinavia, the Balkans, South America and elsewhere, to a system that gives them security against the terror with which the "Axis" threatens them.

Not only would the dictators be curbed from without, they would be shaken within.

For the spectacle of a world mobilising against them in the cause of freedom and peace would release the subterranean forces that boil under the surface in Germany, Italy and Japan.

A World State, based on the union of the free peoples, inaugurated by Britain, America and France, dedicated to the cause of peace, justice and liberty, powerful to resist all attack, and open to all who will accept its conditions, is the only reply to the dictators and the gospel of military conquest.

It is a policy that will involve great sacrifices all round, but it will save civilisation, and nothing else can.

The Human Machine

WHAT would you like best as a gift from 1939? When you've exhausted yourself wishing for everything under the sun, it's a safe bet that you'll have forgotten one of the best gifts ever bestowed on mankind.

If you haven't already got one, pray for a sense of humour. If you already have one, wish with all your might that it shall be broadened and extended.

But let's be quite clear what we mean by a sense of humour. It doesn't mean smiling whether or not there's anything to smile at.

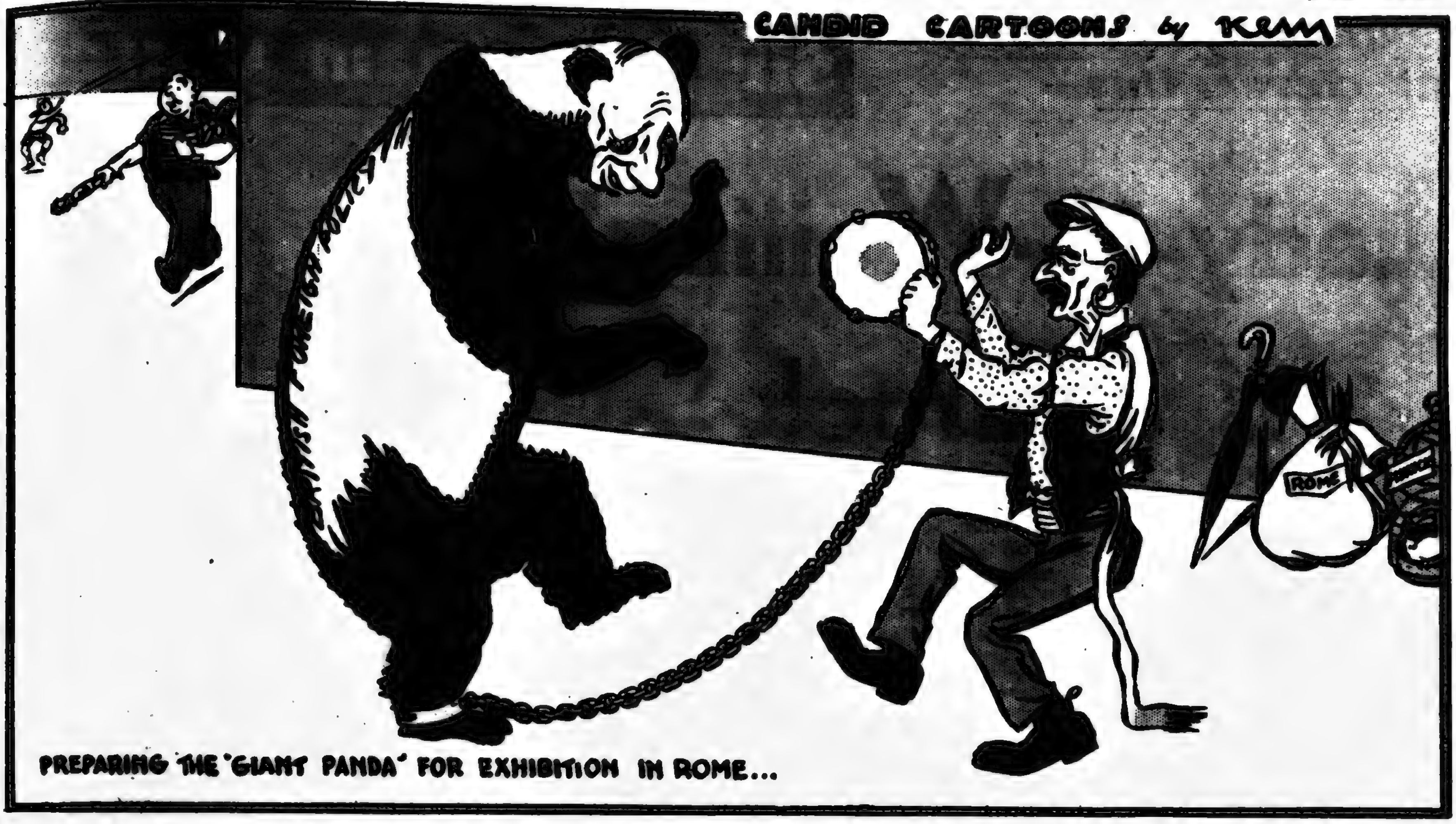
For it's silly to pretend that life isn't serious and sober. It is: we all have cares and responsibilities—quite a lot of them. And because that is our common lot we all tend to take ourselves too seriously.

A sense of humour—not merely the ability to laugh at others, *but the ability to laugh at ourselves*—is a mental safety valve.

You aren't living a sane and balanced life unless you can see the funny side of things—*including yourself*.

* * *

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying that might well be bettered. "Laugh and grow sane" is its true version.



PREPARING THE 'GIANT PANDA' FOR EXHIBITION IN ROME...

OPEN LETTERS...

Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Your recent speeches have been complacent, and I should be the last to deny the bright features of our industrial landscape.

Britain is doing pretty well, thanks. Most of us are tasting, if only in small degree, the wave of prosperity that fortunately shows no sign of diminishing.

Most of us, yes. But I want to see it benefiting everyone.

I will not remind you of our army of decent folk who want work and can't find it, for I have rarely let a week pass without such a reminder.

I am concerned now with the people *in* work. Let us see that their conditions are not only maintained but bettered in 1939.

And this is where your influence can avert much negotiation, quibbling and threats of strike action.

The railways are faced with lean times. But railwaymen have been living in lean times for many years. Now they are demanding a higher standard of living, and the plight of railway stockholders is no reason why their demand shouldn't be granted.

A hundred thousand of them are getting less than 50s. a week—less than any man should earn in a prosperous and wealthy State.

Engineers—a million of them—are concerned in another wage claim that remains unsettled. Shipbuilders are also asking for more.

In all, nearly two million workers ask for higher wages.

You can and should help them. A word from you to the employers would, I think, save months of discussion and jockeying for position.

Those wage increases must eventually be secured. See that they are obtained quickly and you'll both extend and prolong the general prosperity.—JOHN BULL.

To a Rash Fellow

Councillor W. DOUGLAS JONES,
High Salvington, Sussex

SIR,—I fail to understand you.

Labour agitators, you declare, are creating a milk-and-water race who want everything for nothing, are quite content to live on the "dole" and do nothing for their country.

And you chatter about the "grit and determination" that existed in the Victorian age.

Well, I doubt if 5 per cent. of our unemployed are content to waste their lives in the "dole" queues.

I know too well their hardships and despair, and I know also that they still preserve the grit and determination which have always distinguished our people.

You, too, should know this.—JOHN BULL.

To a Tight-Fist

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Shameful that a quarter million aged folk have to go cap in hand for poor relief to eke out their old-age pensions!

Yet you still refuse them an increase. You refuse also to end the anomaly by which many women have to wait until their husbands are eligible for pensions before they can obtain pensions for themselves.

But anger is growing among all political Parties at your mean treatment of the aged poor, and you would be wise to heed the recent warnings of M.P.s, for the reckoning cannot be delayed much longer.—JOHN BULL.

To a Noodle

HAROLD KIDDLE,
Grocer's Boy, Wembley

DEAR HAROLD,—You're an ambitious lad, and I have a soft spot for go-ahead youth. But when you take risks, let them be at your own expense.

Giving up your job as a grocer's assistant, you started a theatrical company at Bideford. The cast "understood" that you had £300 capital, then found that you were penniless, and refused to go on.

Too many players have been stranded by empty-heads like you, and though you've reached the impressive age of eighteen I guess that a spanking might teach you a valuable lesson.—JOHN BULL.

To a Wise Ruler

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
London County Council

DEAR SIR,—A reader asks me to catch a bouquet for the L.C.C. I have caught it, and now pass it on. She writes: "For 12s. 1d., I rent a nice new house on a council estate. The roads are good and well-kept

"Near by are privately owned houses, where people are paying nearly twice as much as my rent to buy them.

"Though they have been occupied for three years, their roads are still unmade and you have to flounder through a sea of mud. So hats off to the L.C.C. for value and comfort."

Since I so often have to attack councils which turn a blind eye to their slums, I forward this letter with pleasure.—JOHN BULL.

To Some Optimists

BRITISH LAUNDERERS' RESEARCH ASSOCIATION,
Hendon, Middlesex

GENTLEMEN,—You want too much for your money.

Advertising for a junior laboratory assistant, you specify that he must have passed the intermediate B.Sc. examination in chemistry and be not older than twenty-five. Salary to start, 25s.

If you expect a young scientist to work for a boy's wage, what price the laundry girls?—JOHN BULL.

To a Warm-Heart

Mr. WILLIAM WHITELAW,
Chairman, L.N.E.R.

DEAR SIR,—After directing a good many kicks at the railway companies, it gives me especial pleasure to offer you a bouquet.

Too ill to be taken to hospital by road, the wife of a railwayman was carried eighty miles to Fort William by the special ambulance train you placed at her disposal.

Considering the economies your company is having to make, that was a munificent kindness.—JOHN BULL.

To a Stern Chief

Capt. A. POPKESS,
Chief Constable, Nottingham

DEAR CHIEF,—Constable Wm. James was on patrol duty when a cyclist knocked him down. After nine weeks in hospital he was said by the police surgeon to be suffering from sclerosis of the spine, but that it was not due to his accident.

He has been discharged from the Force with an exemplary character and a pension of 15s. a week on which to keep himself, his wife and two children.

Light work has been found for other discharged officers; why not for James? You will do a public service by looking into this case.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Wyndham Childs'

Handsome, charming and clever, this—

'Lady-in-Waiting' is a Crook

STAYING in a private hotel near Windsor police station, Lilian Margaret Bevan calmly brought off another of her confidence tricks.

Then, still unruffled, she went away to continue her swindling elsewhere, and the police, who have been searching for her for months, are as baffled as ever.

Tall and distinguished, she is probably the most elusive crook in the country at the moment. She is forty-seven, but looks much younger.

With superb finesse, which even the police cannot help admiring, she has posed as a woman of title, authoress, hospital matron, detective, member of the Royal household staff, and a host of other characters.

At Windsor she convinced people she robbed that she was employed by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and had come from France to help with arrangements for their return to Fort Belvedere!

In addition to obtaining sums of money by one pretext or another, she gave worthless cheques.

Shortly afterwards she did the same thing at Aldershot, where she posed as chief of a small nursing staff engaged by the Duchess of Gloucester.

Naturally she seldom uses her own name, though at times she has called herself "Lady Margaret Bevan" and "Sister Bevan."

Her favourite aliases are "Gladys Arthur . . . Mary Ashforde . . . Muriel David . . . Agatha Bilshar and Sister Helena."

Daughter of a small tradesman, she was charming and demure as a girl.

She is still charming, but no longer demure.

Although she has been to jail, she has always managed to elude the police for long periods.

Once she was on the run for more than two years before she was brought to justice. During that time she carried out many frauds.

In 1934, when she was in the dock at the Old Bailey, the Common Serjeant, after hearing her astonishing record, said she was one of the most cunning adventuresses he had ever encountered.

Usually she stays in expensive apartments in good residential neighbourhoods, and from there plans her campaigns.

Recently, when she had established herself at Putney, she negotiated for the purchase of a nursing home.

She made many visits and agreed upon the price and the re-engagement of the matron.

One day it was found that several rooms had been entered and everything of value taken, including jewellery and a cheque-book.

The prospective purchaser did not return, and later it was discovered she had used some of the stolen cheques in another part of the country.

From Torquay, Rhyl, Leeds, Cleethorpes, Dover, Bedford, Liverpool, Hull, St. Annes-on-Sea and numerous other places have come reports of her swindling.

At Plymouth, posing as a titled Mayfair woman who had come there to open a big charity function, she obtained a valuable string of pearls from one shop. Of course, the cheque with which she paid was worthless.

Sir Wyndham Childs

Public Benefactor

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mr. W. Frederick Ivey, of Trew, Breage, Cornwall, who spotted two ramps.

You can all help my campaign.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

New Era—of Lies

FURTHER enquiries reveal that the Era Publicity Company, of Wembley, to which I specially referred in my recent warning about guide book advertisements, is not a company at all.

It is a one-man business, registered in August last as the New Era Publicity Company, the proprietor being Louis Phillips, of 86, Lonsdale Avenue, Wembley.

I have always thought it wrong that a one-man business should be entitled to call itself a company.

Louis Phillips, who uses this loophole in the law to make his flimsy business sound imposing, is the man who made false representations to secure a guide book advertisement from Mrs. Mary Small, a widow, of Alford, Lincolnshire.

I am receiving many complaints about him, and I notice that at Wrexham County Court his sharp practice methods have just been exposed again.

He told Mr. R. M. Williams, a butcher, of Oak Street, Llangollen, North Wales, from whom he booked an advertisement, that one hundred and fifty houses were to be built in the town.

A guide book, he added, was to be distributed free by a firm of estate agents who were agents for the houses.

This firm stated they knew nothing about the building scheme or the supposed guide book arrangement, and Phillips' claim against the butcher for ten guineas was disallowed.

In fact, more of the false representation at which this man, who calls himself a company, seems to be adept.

Bluntly, he tells lies to bamboozle unsuspecting tradesmen into advertising contracts.

I am watching his activities very closely.

Meanwhile, I advise everyone to shun his "New Era Publicity Company," not to be confused with the New Era Publishing Co., Ltd., of Newton Street, Holborn, London.

Write to "John Bull" about it

You Would Never Suspect . . .

IT is easy to be tricked through the Post Office Cash on Delivery service.

It is not a question of goods supplied being unsatisfactory, but of paying for something which has not even been dispatched to you.

A Falmouth man ordered one pound's worth of second-hand clothes C.O.D. from the Anglo-Overseas Trading Company, of Cable Street, London, E.

He received a registered letter on which the postman collected £1 1s. 6d.

Inside was a printed voucher for him to collect the goods at the railway station.

This official-looking document purported to show that the Anglo-Overseas Trading Company had handed one package to the railway company for dispatch to the Falmouth buyer.

When he enquired at the station there was no trace of the goods, and it was pointed out to him that the voucher did not bear the signature of the railway company's representative as having received the parcel.

I find that quantities of these vouchers can be obtained by anyone who cares to apply for them at the Post Office.

Thus any trickster can fill them in and use them to obtain payment through the C.O.D. service for goods which have not been dispatched.

Under the scheme, of course, traders are expected to hand goods to a railway company and have the voucher completed by them before they use it to collect money through the Post Office.

A Bradford reader had the same experience as the Falmouth man. He also had ordered goods from the Anglo-Overseas Trading Company.

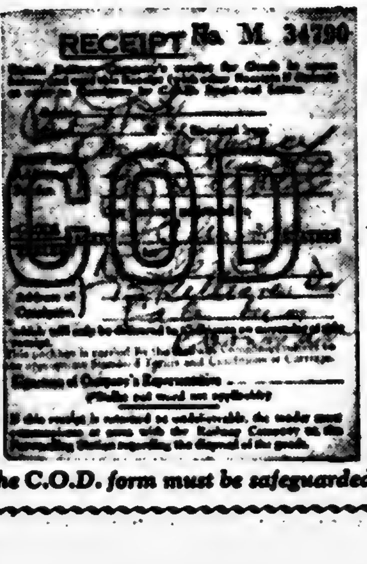
Both were put off with excuses that extension of the firm's premises had caused temporary disorganisation.

When I discover that the man behind the concern is our old friend Max Newman I am not surprised.

In the last few years he has traded under various names, and I have several times exposed his dubious business methods.

Often goods which have been paid for are delivered only after a great deal of trouble and delay.

The postal C.O.D. service is a very useful arrangement, but since men like Max Newman are clearly able to use it for their own ends, new safeguards must be provided to protect the public.



RECEIPT No. M. 34790

C.O.D.

The C.O.D. form must be safeguarded!

Special Dossier

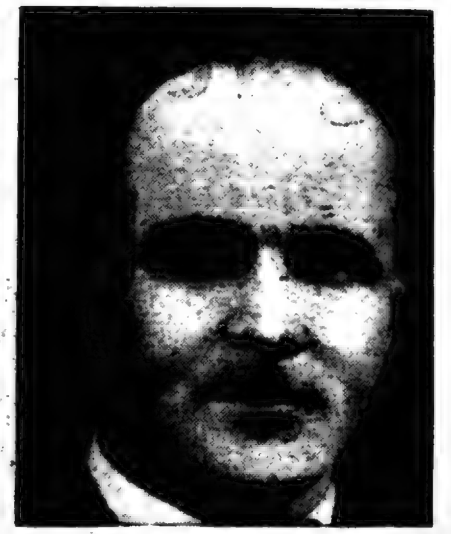
Answer These Grave Charges!

WHAT is the truth about the alleged misuse of public funds at Wath-on-Dearne, near Barnsley, Yorkshire? It must be told at once.

The flight of one of the accused men to South Africa must not be accepted as an excuse for hushing up the facts.

Harry Cranage, for seventeen years town's surveyor and engineer, is said to have been detected using council workmen and materials to build a bungalow for himself.

When a warrant was issued for his arrest he could not be found. He is the man who has gone to South Africa.



Mr. Evers threw a bomb that set the town aflame

Since there seems to be no intention of bringing Cranage back to face the charges against him, there can now surely be no reason why the report of the Ministry of Health auditor should not be published in full.

It is a matter which concerns ratepayers everywhere.

JOHN BULL has for years tried to put a stop to widespread irregularities in local administration, but reports reaching me show they are still rife.

Full exposure of what is alleged to have been taking place in this small Yorkshire town would help to focus public attention on the whole serious problem.

When accusations of this kind are only partly revealed general distrust is bound to increase.

It is also unsatisfactory to the towns-eople who struggled hard, in the first lace, to bring the charges into the open.

Before this was achieved 3,000 angry atepayers held a meeting in a field on he outskirts of the town.

That was after Mr. E. W. Evers, a master plumber, elected as independent eople's candidate last March, had eferred at a council meeting to the tories about the surveyor's bungalow.

Startling rumours, whispered through he town, were spoken of more openly when Mr. Evers was nominated at the ast moment.

"I am out," he declared, "to break the olicy of silence and irregularity that is growing menace in Wath."

Later he described how he had seen a ungalow being built at Thornwick Bay, ear Flamborough Head, by their own ouncil workmen.

They went there daily, he said, in municipal lorries, taking building materials with them.

He alleged they were working under he instructions of Mr. Cranage, the own's surveyor.

After this, as can be imagined, rumour lled higher every day.

No doubt much of it relating to other supposed irregularities was utterly groundless, but that is the inevitable consequence of allowing secrecy and mystery to grow round accusations of this kind.

For some time questions at council eetings were blocked by a policy of ush hush.

That was what led to the open-air eeting of ratepayers, and in the end sub-committee of the council was ppointed to investigate the various mplaints and rumours.

Next came the Ministry of Health nquiry, and there was more uproar hen the council considered the uditor's report behind closed doors.

This increased when it was learned at the surveyor had resigned and that e report was not to be made public.

Some little time later the council cided to hand the matter over to the rector of Public Prosecutions.

Not unnaturally, local feeling again red into fury when it became known at the surveyor could not be arrested cause he had left the country.

William Henry Roberts, deputy clerk to the council, was accused of conspiring with Cranage, but he was acquitted at Leeds Assizes the other day.

He denied charges alleging conspiracy to defraud the council and falsifying council books.

Mr. Justice Singleton directed the jury to return a formal verdict of "Not guilty."

In doing so, he pointed out there was no corroboration of the chief witness's evidence.

"You do not convict people in these circumstances in this country," he said, and added: "It is quite time that everyone taking part in irregular matters at the expense of ratepayers should realise that he may be equally guilty with the main offender.

"It is open to any servant of a public authority, if he is asked to do anything wrong, to go to someone above him and ask."

The Wath-on-Dearne scandal must not be allowed to rest where it is.

It is matter of public importance that the council should publish a full and frank statement.

Mr. Justice Singleton warned all council officials

Stamped with Suspicion

THREAT of legal action seems to have frightened G. E. Wainwright, the persistent fee-snatcher, of Evington Road, Leicester.

After waiting more than seven months for a stamp dealing course he paid for in May, Mr. H. A. McIntyre, of Simon's Road, Singapore, wrote to say that he intended sueing for the recovery of his money.

Within a few hours of the receipt of that letter Wainwright hurried off a registered letter by air mail.

It was full of apologies and assured Mr. McIntyre that a copy of the course was being sent by insured post.

Reference was made to a copy which was supposed to have been sent on August 19, and the strange excuse was that it would be no use enquiring at the Post Office now as it was unlikely that they would be able to trace the parcel!

Ever since the Singapore man paid his fee of £1 15s. he had been put off with one "explanation" after another, and I am not surprised that he has come to the conclusion that Wainwright's offers are utter ramps against which everyone should be warned.

Last time I mentioned him he was running an elaborate racket to wring money out of aspiring song writers.

His stamp dealing course is just a cloak for unloading very ordinary stamps on people at prices well above their value.

Before he established himself in Leicester he was raking in 5s. fees from an address in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, for a ridiculous "Pyramid Money-Making Plan."

Have nothing to do with any of his catch-penny schemes.

Master of Thin Excuses

OWNER of City Publicity Service, 132, Westfield Avenue, Watford, Herts, Mr. Maurice Witmond calls himself a specialist in advertising.

He seems to be an even greater specialist in the art of making excuses.

Tradesmen who have paid him advance fees for advertising displays which he said he was arranging in their towns are growing impatient.

* * *

"I am ill," he has told them, "and that has caused delay, but the advertisement boards will go up soon."

A number of shopkeepers in Witham, Essex, sincerely hope so, because they have each paid him £2 10s.

Mr. Witmond, who lives in an ordinary house without any indication that it is his place of business, admitted to my representative that displays arranged for Sudbury and Northampton had also been delayed.

What he did not explain very satisfactorily is the long lapse since he took orders from four or five Henley tradesmen in March last.

One of them, a radio store proprietor, tells me that Mr. Witmond's agent stated his firm was associated with a big publicity concern in Aldershot.

Enquiries showed that this was untrue, and when the radio store owner wrote to the City Publicity Service, it was promised that a representative would call and explain.

That is nearly nine months ago, and nothing has happened since!

It is only fair to say that Mr. Witmond is a sick man, but that certainly does not excuse his unsatisfactory way of doing business.

Traders, I think, would be well advised not to have anything to do with his advertising schemes.

He's Lost His Disguise

FRANK ERNEST ABLETT, of Roundwood, Welwyn Garden City, Herts, has at last been stripped of his disguise.

Trying to escape the consequences of widespread spoofing in his fishing tackle business, known as "Pilot Sports," he has long denied that he was the owner.

"K. Richards is the man you should look for, not me," he told creditors and others who have dealt with him.

Even on oath at the Hertfordshire County Court, he tried to keep up the pretence, but His Honour Judge Hancock soon called his bluff

"I am satisfied," he said, "that Pilot Sports, as well as Pilot Gut Company and another business, were being run by Ablett."

He gave judgment for £25 4s. to the publishers of a periodical in which advertisements for "Pilot Sports" appeared.

More than a year ago I warned readers about Ablett.

Before going to Welwyn, he traded as the "Pilot Gut Company" at Redditch, and some people who sent money for fishing tackle did not receive it.

I will be on the look-out to see whether he tries to continue his dubious business under some other name.

Heartless

AT the time a Neath, South Wales, couple adopted a baby girl they had a business of their own and their future seemed reasonably assured.

That was seven years ago. To-day, after a succession of ill-luck, this man and his wife have been compelled to go to the Public Assistance authorities for relief.

They have been granted £1 a week on the understanding that the money will be repaid when the man obtains employment.

A request for some allowance for the adopted child was flatly refused.

It is one of the curious and indefensible anomalies of the regulations governing public relief.

Apparently the rigorous rule is that when people who have adopted a child fall on hard times they must maintain the child out of the pittance allowed for two adult persons or send the child to an institution.

This is the worst kind of soulless bumbledom imaginable, and Members of Parliament should insist on its immediate abolition.

'JOHN BULL'S' NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

SPECIAL EXTENSION

CLOSING SHORTLY HURRY!

Written 2 YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET
ALL BRITISH MADE!
Written 5 YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET

HAD YOURS YET?

Readers everywhere have been quick to take advantage of the extension of the offer of "John Bull's" great Gift to its readers made in last week's issue. If you have not yet applied, ACT QUICKLY. Vouchers will be accepted as 2/9 and 7/6 respectively, in part payment for "John Bull's" superb Writing Sets.

A TYPICAL LETTER OF APPRECIATION

I was given a "JOHN BULL" Pen as a Christmas present in 1925. That pen was in continual use in Sudan, Egypt, China and Singapore, and was still in splendid condition, also giving perfect satisfaction, when it was lost in March of this year (1938).—H.C.K., Colchester.

John Bull
New Year Gift Voucher
VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 15th January, 1939.

No. A 7/358

ONE *or* **BOTH** *-take your choice*

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull
New Year Gift Voucher
VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 15th January, 1939.

No. B 7/358

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has three inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium, the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. ← Cross out grades of nib NOT required. → (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

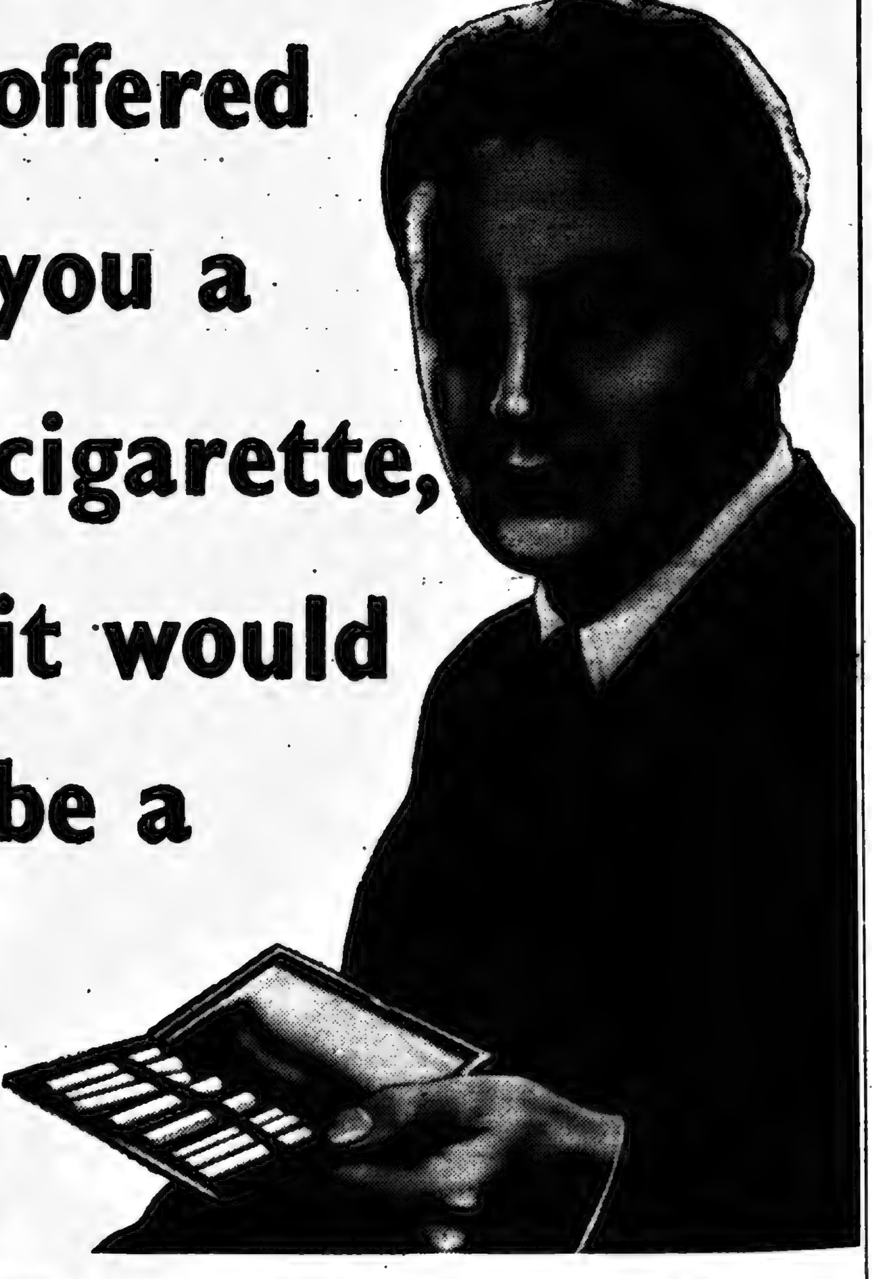
NAME..
FULL POSTAL
ADDRESS..
....
....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

J.B., 7/1/39.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

If IVOR NOVELLO offered you a cigarette, it would be a



De Reszke

—of course!

'Mine's a MINOR' is what *you* will say when you have once tried the ten-minute smoke for those who want 'something better'!

D. R. MINORS 30 for 1/-

I. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1 ⊙ Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

NUARY 7, 1939

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[redacted]

They Call Him "LITTLE FLOWER"

The life and soul of the city, New York's mayor La Guardia drives to every big fire on a fire-engine, stops his car to correct a policeman, is always dashing about—and spends £300,000,000 a year

THE Lord Mayor of London rides about in a big coach, which makes him look important.

Actually, of course, he is just the chairman of the City Corporation, which controls only one square mile of London.

In the daytime its offices are full. At night, except for a few charwomen and caretakers, it is empty.

The Lord Mayor of London is merely a tradition. The Mayor of New York, on the other hand, is more like Herbert Morrison, the real head of a great city, but infinitely more powerful.

Balfour, to try to curb the Progressives who ran the London County Council, brought into being twenty-eight borough councils, to split up London and keep it as safely Tory as he could. He failed, for London is turning more and more to the Left.

Yet, whereas Herbert Morrison is a calm administrator, Fiorello LaGuardia, his New York counterpart, is the life and soul of the city.

Morrison runs London from County Hall. LaGuardia goes out in the streets, drives to every big fire on a fire-engine, stops his motor-car to correct a policeman, and dashes about, finding fault, instructing, issuing orders.

Although he is only 5 ft. 2 in. in height, he carries upon his shoulders the weight of the greatest city in the world.

He runs 7,200,000 people, and spends £300,000,000 every year.

LONDON is an English city. New York is the greatest Cosmopolis in the world. It contains no fewer than .765,000 Jews—and 440,250 foreign-born talians!

So, as LaGuardia is half a Jew and alf an Italian, he represents in his own eing the two most excitable and restess races in a city which contains all he races and all the peoples of the orld.

New York speaks seventy languages. aGuardia himself speaks seven.

He was born in obscurity, for his ather was an army bandmaster. He vent to the war and then he came home o raise hell. And he is still raising it.

He followed a long line of Mayors who were Tammany hirelings, Mayors under whose administration New York had become the most corrupt city in the world. You could buy in it any food, for all the seventy races have their own restaurants, and almost any judge.

It was corrupt from its underworld to the top of its highest skyscrapers. Gangsters ran the city. Gangsterdom bossed almost every phase of life.

Then, when Jimmy Walker ran away to England during the Seabury probe into the police scandals, LaGuardia emerged.

HE stood as a Fusionist candidate, pledged to reform, and, so splendid was his work that, after four years, he was the first Reform Mayor ever re-elected.

The others had been well-meaning men, but without any real knowledge of politics.

They were kidded and, at the end of their reigns, Tammany Hall got back.

This time, LaGuardia defied all the powers of Tammany and told them to go to the devil. All the invectives were used against him. He answered back in terms equally biting, never funking anything.

You see, in four years, he had been absolutely straight. Tammany had got nothing on him. They could not point to one dishonest action or prove that he had shown one single favour.

In his first four years, though, LaGuardia didn't have it all his own way, for Tammany still held some of the key positions in the city.

Then, joining up with Tom Dewey, who was fighting Graft in the courts, he stood again as Mayor and challenged Tammany to a life-or-death struggle in the most dramatic election the world has ever known. He won triumphantly. Tammany is down and out.

I met him in the height of the campaign. I heard him speak several times, once to 30,000 people.

I found him a human dynamo, a self-charging electric battery. He joked. He laughed.

ONCE, at a Newspaper Guild gathering, when the newly formed trade union for the Press had a joy night, he and Gipsy Rose Lee, the strip-tease artiste, now Louise Hovick, overdressed that night, and most respectable because she was being groomed for the picture, were two of the stars.

"Gipsy Rose Lee and I have both been strip-tease artistes," said the Mayor. "She used to strip herself. I've been stripping my opponents. Soon, they won't have a shirt on their backs."

Meanwhile, outside in the streets, such all-pervading pressure was being brought that when I saw a carman on Sixth Avenue who was breaking a traffic regulation, I heard the Irish policeman shout, "Vote for Mahoney and I won't give you a ticket."

Well, in a few months, LaGuardia will be welcoming the King and Queen to New York.

He will meet them at the station, around which there will be gathered thousands of his hefty policemen.

Then he will ride with them to City Hall, an escort of constables on motor cycles all around, and with the syrens screeching.

Thousands of telephone books, torn up into confetti, will be showered down from all the windows. And a great city will go mad.

The King and Queen have seen many things in their lives, but New York's welcome will be beyond their imaginations.

Mind you, LaGuardia will be kindly and enthusiastic, but he will also be matey, for he is so human that even when he meets St. Peter, I am sure he will say, "Boy, I've put pearlier gates than those outside City Hall."

Some American officials are overcome when they meet Royalty. Mayor Hylan's wife, hearing a remark from the Queen of the Belgians, could only reply, "Say, Queen, you've said a mouthful!"

WELL, LaGuardia will say mouthfuls, but not like that. He will point, in New York, to cavernous depths that make the weirdest fancy seem dull. He will point to towering skyscrapers that make you giddy when you stare at them.

And he will tell the Queen stories about the weird mixture of races and creeds and colours that make up his subjects.

They almost equal in variety those of King George himself.

Of all things, I know he would like to take the King and Queen to his modest home, where he plays the trombone and cooks the spaghetti, which he adores.

LaGuardia does not want much. That is why they couldn't get him. He is a home man, fond of his family.

He knows more than did any other Mayor the woes of his city. As a young man he stood with the pickets during strikes, for he always sided with the workers and the down-and-outs.

SO it was that, when he became Mayor, picketing was legalised.

Mind you, he does not believe in strikes. He has himself settled more of them than all the other Mayors of New York put together. He is cheerful, and so both the employers and the workers like him.

He has made even the memory of Jimmy Walker, who was personally very popular, seem a pale thing. He cannot wisecrack as cleverly as did Jimmy, and he has never written a song.

But he is a human being who can make fun even of his lack of inches.

To mock him, Tammany once called him, derisively, "Little Flower," which is what his Christian name means. He adopted it as his nickname and he still bears it proudly.

I'm all for a man who can put Nazis in their place.

When the German consular officials asked him for protection, because of New York's natural indignation over the Hebrew persecution, LaGuardia sent them a posse of hefty police. They were all Jews!

That is typical of a Mayor who can laugh even when he is doing his duty!

Greatest of These . . .

THERE'S a Kentish family to whom this New Year seems the blackest ever.

The father suffers from tuberculosis as a result of war service and receives a pension of 16s. a week.

His wife had "a stroke" a year or so ago, and though her condition has improved she is still unable to walk or to use her left arm.

So the daughter of fourteen has to stay home to do the housework, while the two younger children have to go about almost barefoot.

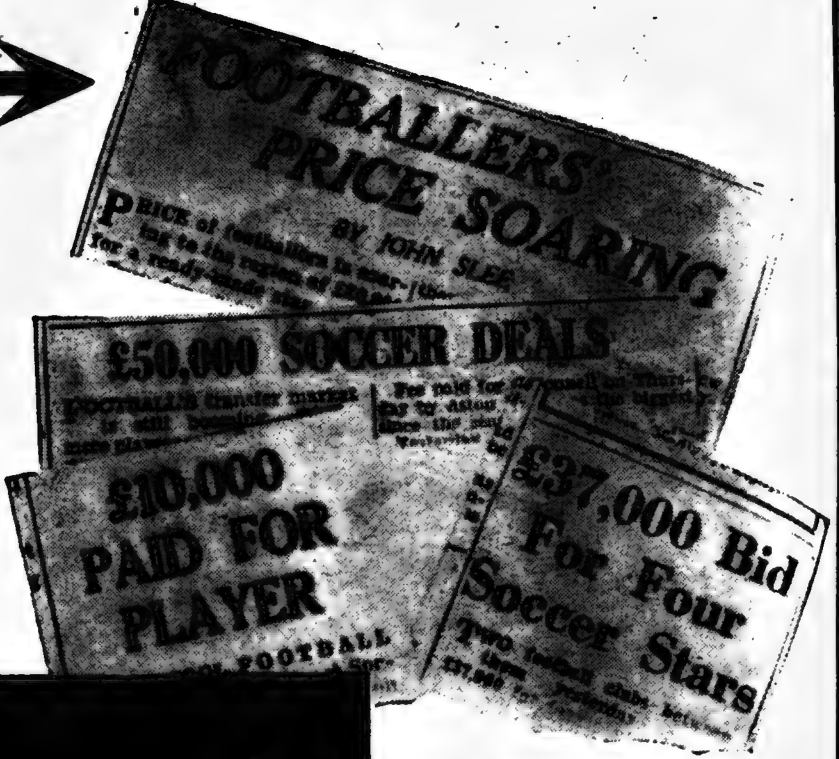
In her terrible plight, Mrs. Hayes appeals to us for the first time, and we want to help her.

But that depends on you. Can't you spare something—a very little—to give Mrs. Hayes and her family the necessities they so desperately need? They'd be grateful; so should we.

Donations should be earmarked "Helpless," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL, so whatever you send goes to ease distress without deduction.

This News → is GOOD for Soccer



FOOTBALLERS' PRICE SOARING

BY JOHN SLEE

£50,000 SOCCER DEALS

£10,000 PAID FOR PLAYER

FOOTBALL

£37,000 Bid For Four Soccer Stars

Corinthian, famous sports writer, tells the truth about transfers

Sproston (left) and Bryn Jones, who were concerned in two of the most spectacular transfers of recent times

SO the transfer fee system is turning football into one huge slave market, is it?

Big clubs grow bigger because of it. Little clubs wilt and die.

Players find themselves rushed from one part of the kingdom to another as they are bought and sold.

And as for the F.A. Cup—competition for which begins in earnest on Saturday—the one safe bet is that it will go to some gluttonous club with the money to satisfy its voracious appetite for talent.

That's the story as all the croakers are telling it. Do you believe it?

I'll forgive you if you do, as I forgive everybody who is told one side of a question only and is led to believe that there is no other.

But let us look fairly at this question of how players are recruited for big football.

JUST as big buildings have one or more foundation-stones, so has big football.

Such clubs as Frickley Colliery, Bolsover Colliery, Crook Town and many more are the foundations in question.

Never heard of them? Well, you may as well know now that those clubs are the nurseries of football—nurseries in which many international players have sprouted and flourished.

Such clubs depend on their talent-spotting ability to keep themselves alive.

They see budding brilliance on the slag-heap, in the pit-yard, outside the mill-gates—in places where the big clubs can't hope to spot it.

And that brilliance has as much right to be noticed as the cleverness a public schoolboy shows on his playing-fields.

But, you may object, talent will out, whatever the circumstances.

Oh, no it won't.

Talent has withered on many a village green because there hasn't been a shrewd nursery club locally to notice it, develop it, and send it on to the monster grounds where it belongs.

And the reward for that spotting?

It comes from the clubs with 40,000 and 60,000 gates, who can afford to pay £10,000, £12,000, £14,000 for a player.

It is only because they can get a share of that money that the nursery clubs that are the foundation-stones of big football can keep alive.

Say the croakers to whom I have already referred: "Look at the small attendances in the two Third Divisions—the Northern section in particular. The transfer system is to blame.

"They can't afford to keep brilliant players even when they find them. So the gates suffer."

What drivel! As if they would part with a player knowing that, with the resulting fall in attendances, they would be out of pocket in the long run.

No, the actual facts are that the tens of thousands paid into big football at the very top go down, split up into thousand-pound cheques, to these Third Division clubs, from which it percolates through—as sums of a few hundreds—to the nursery clubs.

All the way down from the very top, clubs are benefiting financially from the system that is so widely condemned as an unbearable deadweight on the smaller clubs.

And the only clubs that run a risk are the big guns of football, the rich "glutton clubs" which are supposed to thrive on the little 'uns.

Think of the hundreds of thousands of pounds that these ravenous clubs are said to have "lost" in unsuccessful player-speculation.

Lost? If it is lost, then where has it gone?

IT HASN'T BEEN LOST AT ALL. IT HAS BEEN CIRCULATED.

And that's all for the good of football.

Arsenal pays £14,000 for Bryn Jones. Someone may pay £20,000 for Stoke City's Stanley Matthews. It is quite possible that they will.

Jones and Matthews are human beings, subject to the ordinary illnesses and physical misfortunes of man.

Jones has been out of the team recently through injury, and himself admits he has been suffering from loss of form.

Who can say when he will be his old self again? One can't go beyond saying that an expensive player is *expected* to keep his form for several seasons at least.

MANY of the clubs that have paid big money have gambled successfully. Cases in point are David Jack (£10,800), Jim Allen (£10,775), Hughie Gallacher (£10,000), P. Doherty (£10,000), Alex James (£9,000), and others who were cheap at their big price.

Although the purchasing clubs benefited in those cases, many other clubs also profited from the movement of money.

But the gamble fails just as often.

That's why it is folly to suggest that sheer weight of money will enable a rich club to take all the big prizes.

I remember when, in 1935-36, Aston Villa paid £40,000 for seven players in an effort to stop their steady slip towards the Second Division.

Despite their lavishness, they went down just the same.

What a gamble! And what a failure! It would give you a headache to work out how much Villa paid for every first-team appearance of those men—and there was a worse headache for the Villa directors who knew the answer.

Then Tottenham paid £9,500 to Leeds for Sproston—only to see him contract what is known in football as "Climatitis."

The air of London left him limp, bereft of form, dissatisfied with himself—and a failure as far as playing for Spurs was concerned.

Manchester City took him—and again he was a great success.

Think that case over. It was better for Tottenham, better for Manchester, better for poor Sproston and certainly better for the spectators of the two clubs that the transfer system should make possible that straightening out of fortunes.

And Sproston's case is one of hundreds.

And now about a side of football of which the public knows little.

Crowds turn on players, even brilliant players. Those men break their hearts to get away—but they don't want to give up football, their careers.

WOMEN spectators sometimes dog them for no reason except infatuation. Here is another reason why they sometimes want to get away.

Troublesome little triangles arise. There have been cases of footballers' wives falling in love with the colleagues of their husbands.

Managers' offices are then turned into matrimonial courts. But the manager has no power at all over the woman, even when he can get the players to shake hands and play the game by each other.

There is usually one thing only for it. One of the two men asks to go elsewhere.

I know of two clubs that have parted recently in such circumstances with players they have treasured.

"Another Big Transfer Fee" announces the headlines.

"More football white slavery," say the football fans who don't stop to think.

When you hear that in future, tell the grumblers that there has to be some sort of transfer system in football.

The whole essence of football is building *teams* and some system of acquiring and disposing of players is necessary.

What could be better than that, as an essential part of the system, the rich clubs should send some of the money down towards the poorest—the clubs with which nearly all brilliant players have their beginnings.

Hurry!

READERS who have not yet applied for JOHN BULL's great free gift are advised to do so without delay. The special extension announced in last week's issue to enable readers to take advantage of this wonderful free gift offer is closing shortly.

Two FREE Gift Vouchers appear on page 14. One will be accepted as 2s. 9d. cash in part payment of JOHN BULL's superb 5s. 6d. Writing Set—the other will be accepted as 7s. 6d. cash in part payment of JOHN BULL's 12s. 6d. Writing Set de Luxe.

Remember, there's no time to lose, so turn to page 14 and apply at once for this marvellous free gift offer.

Industry's CRAZY PATH

Pleasantly designed and set in ideal surroundings this modern factory sets an example which many industrialists might well follow . . .

DRIVE along the main roads of south-west England, and you will pass a dozen smart new factories, the names of which have been household words for generations in the industrial North.

In rural Hampshire a great Glasgow engineering firm has set itself down in a small market town.

Near Southampton and over the border in Dorset there are new factories whose native air is Sheffield or Newcastle.

Around London you can count hundreds more of these newcomers in the new "trading estates."

Go north through the Midlands, and, as like as not, you will be halted at some level-crossing while long freight trains go clanking through.

What are they carrying? Cargoes of raw steel which have been brought from the foundries of the North to be "finished" in new factories in Warwickshire.

In the North, the men who could "finish" that steel—if somebody had thought of putting a factory down close to where it is made—stand at street corners waiting for jobs.

In the South, as factories and workmen's villas swallow up the fields, the landworkers forsake their ancient, vital craft and join the employment exchange queues.

IN Greater London, the new industries help to make the capital more chaotic. They compete for transport facilities which are already overcrowded, and block exits from the packed city into the green belts and open spaces.

Their workers must either spend a large part of their wages in railway fares from home to factory, or live in new housing estates at rents they cannot afford.

Seventeen months ago a Royal Commission was appointed to find out why steelworks are going into dairy counties and why coals are going to Newcastle—and to plan means of arresting this crazy growth.

So far, although much evidence has been heard about "the Location of Industry," there are no signs of any helpful conclusions, no signs of any Report or promise of remedies.

All the time, a muddle which no other country would tolerate grows steadily worse—and retribution comes steadily nearer.

Rearmament, with its real or fancied needs, has tied a few more knots in the tangle.

There is a Director of Industrial Planning at the War Office. He, however, seems to be primarily concerned with how quickly and in what quantities he can secure khaki cloth, metal trestles, marching boots, fuse-caps or what-nots.

Never mind the dislocations which can take place when the armaments schemes are over! "Give me the stuff," he cries, "I don't care where you make it."

The Birmingham area, and indeed the whole County of Warwick, is thickly dotted with factories for the production of defence supplies. Why couldn't some of these plants have been installed in, say, the poverty-stricken County of Durham?

Southampton is crowded with new factories engaged on naval, military and aircraft engineering jobs. Newcastle and Sunderland, with their long traditions in the engineering industry, get none of that business.

And so it goes on. . . .

One reason advanced for placing these factories in the Midlands and the South is the supposed vulnerability of the East Coast towns to raiding aircraft. It is an empty argument. Neither Southampton nor Birmingham adds more than half an hour to the journey of a modern aeroplane once it has crossed the coast.

EVEN more ridiculous reasons have been given for the shift of other industries from their natural homes.

One great new factory in the Greater London area was brought down from the North (where it left much unemployment behind) simply because the younger generation of the family which owns it prefer the social life of the South to that of the grimier North.

Whatever the reasons, however, it is plain that to allow any industrialist to move his works where and when he will is to create an endless chain of trouble and dislocation.

One firm recently closed down its big London factory and moved back whence it came. But to house its workers a big estate had been built, partly by the local council and partly by private builders. Most of the firm's workers, however, are now unemployed. . . .

The council cannot get its rents, houses have been thrown back on the building society's hands; small shopkeepers have been ruined, and a huge burden has been added to the rates.

How can we avoid the industrial chaos into which the country is rapidly drifting?

First of all, the present Royal Commission should cut short some of its talk and produce at least an interim report.

Unless the Commission was merely appointed by the Government to stall off the problem, it must, after nearly two years of evidence, be able to make up its mind.

The T.U.C. memorandum—which is approved by nearly every other expert body that has given evidence—is the only sensible basis for the Commission's recommendations.

IT DEMANDS THE APPOINTMENT OF A CENTRAL PLANNING AUTHORITY FOR INDUSTRY, UNDER THE CONTROL OF A MINISTER.

Such central planning is necessary for the defence of the country, as well as for its industrial prosperity.

During the last crisis, hundreds of concerns in threatened areas like London were racking their brains to find out how they could move their entire businesses to safer districts. If war had come, their productive powers would have been crippled for months, and perhaps for ever.

THE central authority suggested by the T.U.C. would first get busy with new factories and extensions.

Next, it would start reorganising the locations of old-established industries.

The steel industry, for instance, is now in the hands of about ten firms. It has been sheltered by the Government and encouraged by doles totalling £30,000,000, to modernise its plants. **But it has not bothered about its related trades.**

So you get Tyneside steel moved across England to be "finished" in Birmingham, and from there hauled north again to be made into girders, ship plates or steel shoes.

There can be no security for labour, no hope of competing with the foreigner, while such conditions exist.

Important to Readers

YOU have probably examined our announcement last week of our gigantic 1939 Free Insurance Gift.

If you have, you will have recognised it by now as unique—a Family Charter of Protection without peer.

What is it going to mean to our readers in general—perhaps you in particular—during 1939?

An account of our stewardship in the year just ended may enable you to form some idea.

During 1938 alone we paid more than £30,000 to families hit by adversity.

Apart from the feeling of confidence and security given to hundreds of thousands of readers, no fewer than 12,000 families—victims of fire, flood, tempest and a wide variety of accidents and sicknesses—have been helped when help was badly needed.

Cheques paid out during the year brought the sum total given since the beginning of our scheme to a figure exceeding £650,000!

That is a world's record in weekly paper free insurance.

Here are further details:—

Once a month we have paid for gas explosions, once a fortnight for fatal accidents in home or garden, twice a week for burglaries.

Three times a day we have paid for the damage done by storms, floods and other freak weather.

And eight times a day for the damage done by fires.

In addition, we have met no fewer than 1,703 claims for accidents, and 4,058 in respect of registered readers' children who have been the victims of accidents.

So you see for yourself what a great Family Charter of Protection it is, with exclusive benefits to be found in no other free insurance scheme.

"JOHN BULL" IS STILL THE ONLY PAPER IN THE WORLD TO PROTECT REGISTERED READERS' POSSESSIONS AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE, FLOOD AND TEMPEST, *AND* TO PROVIDE SICKNESS BENEFITS.

And now—how to make the 1939 New Year Gift your own.

If you are already registered as a reader you automatically qualify for all the benefits incorporated in our 1939 Gift.

One registration covers husband, wife and children over six and under fifteen, and all accident and sickness benefits are paid in addition to any amounts a registered reader may obtain elsewhere.

Just think! A minute spent now in filling up the registration form on page 2 will secure this supreme protection for you, your dependants and your home in 1939.

Turn to that form *now*. On page 2.

Why I Am a LIBERAL

IN a case brought against the Carlton Club by two of its members, I heard counsel ask Viscount (then Sir Herbert) Samuel the difference between a Liberal and a Conservative.

"A Conservative Government," Viscount Samuel replied, "would never diligently pursue any measure that encountered the opposition of the employing classes."

That, however, is only one reason why I am a Liberal.

My faith in Liberalism has also been confirmed by watching the Conservative Party, during the past seven years, carry out a foreign policy that has not only sacrificed honour and morality at every turn, but which is now leading this country to a choice between permanent domination under Nazism—or a defeat in war.

Anyone who doubts this need only read the Council of Action's pamphlet "Britain's Peril" to find my view confirmed by all the best elements in Conservatism.

By Richard ACLAND,

M.P. for Barnstaple

These two reasons for opposing Toryism are quite clear, but it is not as easy to explain why I prefer the Liberal Party to the much larger Labour Party.

I have, however, always felt that the Labour Party would not "diligently pursue" any measure that encountered the opposition not of trade unionists but of trade union secretaries.

This, to my mind, is a mistake.

If a Party is to win the complete and lasting confidence of the people, so as to put through an ever-widening programme of social and economic reform, that Party's policy should be moulded by the men who have come to the top in the political struggle in the constituencies and on the floor of the House of Commons—and not by the men who have acquired fame in the industrial struggle that goes on between trade unions and employers.

But, above all things, I am a Liberal because I am a Parliamentary democrat.

If you are going to make real progress by means of the Parliamentary machine — and to-day there is no other machinery available—you must base your campaign on those things which, through your appeal to the electorate, you can persuade more than half the voters in this country to want—and to want definitely.

That is how the Radicals made progress in the last century.

They marked out for themselves, at each stage, the next objective in their struggle for economic and political freedom.

And they always chose as their objectives things that could be reasonably obtained by four or five years of intensive effort.

At one moment it might be the abolition of slavery, then the repeal of the Corn Laws, then the secret ballot, and, in our own times, the Old Age Pension and Unemployment Insurance.

That, to my mind, is the only right way to progress.

Anyone who demands a rate of progress that is greater than the majority of democratic electors can be persuaded to accept within a reasonable space of time is only defeating his own objects.

And the man who wants to slow down the rate of progress is also a reactionary.

The problem that is always facing us is to make the rate of advance as rapid as is democratically possible.

When I first came seriously into politics, in 1923, I found that the Liberal Party alone was seriously concerning itself with examining the problem that faced the nation.

It was the Liberal Party alone that ignored all bias and worn-out theories, and concentrated on finding the solution to the question, "What are the things that can now be done to solve our various difficulties."

The Party's answers can be found in such publications as "Coal and Power"; "Towns and the Land"; "The Land and the Nation"; "The Farmer and his Market"; and "Britain's Industrial Future."

These publications may now seem a little out of date, but had the advice given in them been vigorously followed up, many of the domestic problems now facing us would have been settled years ago.

I firmly believe that if we are to escape from war or Nazism, we must replace the National Government—which believes in running away from evil—with a National Government, composed of men of all Parties, that believes in standing up fearlessly to evil.

Conservatives who agree with us are dithering and making pointless, time-wasting, non-committal speeches.

The trade unions still pretend that Nationalisation of all forms of Production, Distribution and Exchange is more important than saving Peace and Democracy.

The official Labour Party still thinks it can defeat Chamberlain all on its own.

Only the Liberal Party has had the courage to express its readiness to co-operate with any Party that will help to establish a sound foreign policy and a wide, short-term policy of social and economic reform.

That is why I am a Liberal.

Moreover, anyone who wants to see these objects achieved by a united effort must, I feel, believe as I do.

Richard Acland, M.P.

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Why CONSE

WERE I asked to sum up in a sentence my chief reason for being a Conservative and a supporter of the National Government, that sentence would read:

"I am a Conservative because the policies of the Opposition give a man a wishbone where his backbone ought to be."

I reached this conclusion long before I entered politics.

As many people may know, my life has been spent in the theatrical world, and years before I even thought of political affairs I was meeting men and women of all kinds and observing things for myself.

As a result, I was convinced, and still am, that the Conservative policy of the National Government can alone keep this country great.

The Liberal Opposition is now so nearly defunct that it would be almost futile to compare it with the Conservative Party.

But comparison between Conservative and Socialist principles is very enlightening.

Take nationalisation as an example.

We Conservatives, want, as far as possible, to keep competition alive, whereas the Socialists want to abolish it by nationalising everything they can lay their hands on.

I admit that internal industries, such as transport, might have to submit to some form of nationalisation for the country's good.

But to nationalise everything, left and right, would mean the doom of British enterprise. It would make half the nation Civil Servants—with the other half completely dependent upon them!

Who are the really great men in this country, the men whose drive and initiative keep the wheels of industry revolving?

Admittedly, you will find some in sheltered trades, but the great majority are to be found in those industries where the competition is keenest—in the Press, the motor trade, aviation, shipping, and so on.

I am thinking of men like Lords Nuffield, Austin, Southwood, Rothermere, Mr. Sopwith, and others.

They thrive on keen competition—not on the fatally easy path of nationalisation and monopoly.

Once competition goes, initiative goes, too.

Another point. The logical end to a Socialist policy is not the toleration shown in Government principles, but something very much like dictatorship.

Mr. Atlee has said that a period of crisis would usher in another Socialist Government, while Sir Stafford Cripps once

By DEN

M.P. for

Alfred De ille, M.P.

Lt.-Com. R. Fletcher, M.P.

REE M.Ps. ONFESS

john Bull" has no arty. It stands for the ation. But it feels th t, in these confused days hen political bounda es are being reshaped, he time has come for ach Party to restate its olicy and to make ag n its confession of faith. Hence these t o pages . . .—

Why Am a CONSERVATIVE

By lfred DEN LLE,

M.P. for stle, Central

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declared that a Socialist Government would have to start off with a dictatorship.

I might add that the same Government would probably end in complete national bankruptcy.

Critics rail at the National Government because it takes things one by one.

But we all have to walk before we can run, and the Socialist idea would be a little more practical if that fact were borne in mind.

Instead of orderly and businesslike progress, however, Socialists want to rush into everything at once, and we have already seen what that can lead to.

Conservative toleration means freedom to every form of worship, and to every democratic ideal.

But Socialism means a narrow intolerance of everything that is not Socialist. I have heard of far too many cases lately in which Socialists have had to choose between politics and religion—and politics won!

Anything more shocking than Socialist behaviour during the recent crisis would be very difficult to imagine.

Conservatives have always believed in keeping the country strong, but in trying to live amicably with one's neighbours.

Socialist policy, on the other hand, has been one of cheeseparing on essential, defensive armaments, and, at the same time, hurling insults at every foreign State whose methods do not agree with their own.

Before the recent settlement at Munich, Socialists were all for peace.

But when the crisis was over, they became more truculent than ever.

And why do I mention this? Because it is only typical of the lopsided mentality that Socialism breeds.

In my view, Conservative principles are essentially those of the ordinary Briton.

And his judgment is pretty sound.

He believes in looking after his own affairs and keeping on friendly terms with his neighbours. He believes in healthy competition, tolerance and good will.

He cannot be bothered to make his life a misery by being jealous of anyone who has a little more than he has.

And that is why I am a Conservative.

I'm British, too.

To me it is an honour to represent that spirit so sadly lacking in the world to-day—the spirit of the real Briton, who holds fast to his heritage and to the traditions of his forebears.

Those traditions he keeps unsullied, handing them on untarnished to his children so that they will not falter nor fear any but God.

Why I Am a SOCIALIST

By Lt.-Com. R. FLETCHER,

R.N. (Retired),
M.P. for Nuneaton

NO doubt you consider that you are a free man or woman.

But are you free to give up work, or free to start a business of your own?

For 42,000,000 people in this country there is only one answer —NO!

Without property or capital it is impossible to be independent, or to choose what one's occupation shall be.

And those who do own small businesses are finding it more difficult, year by year, to resist the pressure of big combines.

For the mass of the people there is no such thing as real freedom. Those who have little or no capital are firmly in the toils of a complete and relentless economic slavery.

A majority of our people can only work and live by permission of the property-owning minority.

Sixty-two per cent. of all the property in this country is in the hands of less than 7 per cent. of the population, so that while 300,000 people have incomes of more than £1,000 a year, there are 17,000,000 who earn less than £250 a year, or £5 a week.

When the earnings of this 17,000,000 are split up among their dependents, there is only 10s. a week each for thirty-four out of every forty-six people in the country.

Half the nation's children are living in families that can only afford 6s. a week per person for food.

Are these inequalities necessary? I say, "No!"

We are not using all our resources.

We still have 1,800,000 people unemployed, people who might be doing useful work.

But labour is one of the employer's raw materials.

A surplus of it—a large pool of unemployed—enables the employer to keep down the cost of that raw material—wages.

Not only are we failing to use our resources, but, as things are, we cannot take advantage of progress.

New inventions mean that men are thrown out of work.

Increased production brings increased profits. But all these profits are not spent.

The unspent portion must be invested again to increase production and earn yet more profits.

Production increases faster than the amount of money which people have to spend. The crash comes, and the inevitable slump—now fashionably called a "recession in trade"—is brought about by excessive production.

AND SO WE GET THE FRIGHTFUL PARADOX THAT IN A WORLD FULL OF POVERTY AND HUNGER, PRODUCTION IS, NEVERTHELESS, A DISASTER!

Capitalism, which causes this cruel state of affairs, finds its own immoral solutions to the search for new sources of profit.

One of these is Imperialism, the suppression of native peoples who provide cheap labour and new markets.

This capitalist Imperialism brings war in its train. When Powers that are materially great, but morally weak, cannot divide the world peacefully between them they fight as they did in 1914.

Another capitalist solution is Fascism. If the workers can be deprived of their trade unions and forced to work for any wages, however small, then new possibilities of keeping up profits are afforded to the capitalists.

And workers can be more easily forced to serve in the wars which the other solution, Imperialism, sooner or later involves.

What are we to put in place of this wasteful, inhuman, irrational system?

Socialists maintain that production should not be the chaotic result of the profit motive, but the planned result of the needs of the nation.

If a visitor from Mars came to visit this country he would, I suppose, be shown round by the Prime Minister.

He would notice some hungry-looking people and might say, "I presume you have great difficulty in feeding the nation?"

"Oh, no," the Prime Minister would reply. "On the contrary, we have a system of marketing boards and quotas under which we pay producers not to grow food."

Mr. Mars might then notice barefooted children and ask if it were difficult to make shoes.

"Quite the opposite," the Prime Minister would say. "We have many children badly shod because their fathers, who are clever at making shoes, cannot get work in the boot factories where there are wonderful machines that could make shoes for the whole wide world."

If Mr. Mars noticed slums and badly built houses and asked if bricks, mortar and timber were hard to get, he would be told that these exist in abundance.

At that he might say: "I thought this was *Great* Britain, but I must be wrong. It is a lunatic asylum."

"On the contrary," the Prime Minister would reply, "all our insane people live in well-built asylums.

"They receive every care, their health is watched day and night, they get all the food they want, and they wear good clothes.

"Those men, women and children you have seen leading unhealthy lives in wretched hovels are all sane."

But I still think Mr. Mars would be right. That is why I am a Socialist.

Last year more than 45,000 cases of burglary and housebreaking were investigated by the police in this country. Of that number, 12,856 took place in the Metropolitan area; 2,902 in Liverpool; 1,343 in Manchester, and 1,917 in Birmingham. Counties with the worst numerical record were Lancashire 1,807 cases, and Essex 913 cases. Those are the bald statistics. But what of the facts—the dramas—behind the figures? In his "Crooks Parade" this week, Stanley Bishop tells you—

The Story Behind 45,000

He risks his freedom for a paltry return—yet he looks upon honest men as "mugs"

HE was a mild, inoffensive little man in the late thirties, with greying hair and a rather impressive moustache.

In his work as accounts clerk in a Midland town factory he was meticulous.

The manager said, "Spencer is one of the most useful men in the place. I wouldn't lose him for anything."

Out of office hours his chief interest lay, ostensibly, in church and Sunday-school work.

Said the superintendent of the Sunday-school, "I wish we had more earnest teachers like Spencer. He is splendid, and the boys are devoted to him. He is always giving them treats."

Policemen on point duty knew Mr. Spencer well by sight.

They would pass the time of day with him.

He always had a greeting for a constable, and he told his boys, "Remember to respect and obey a policeman, who is the symbol of our English law."

"Kiddo Jobs"

Because of his religious activities Mr. Spencer was often away from his lodgings at night.

There were conferences and gatherings to be attended in various parts of the Midlands

About the same time also there was a series of suburban and country house burglaries.

In underworld slang, the robberies were "kiddo jobs," which means that the articles stolen were all easily saleable. The loss to the owners averaged two to three hundred pounds.

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THE ROYAL NAVY

Detectives in Birmingham, Nottingham and Leicester were all on the alert. They knew that the crook was a lone worker, and that he was not one of the local criminal fraternity.

Well, it so happened that a detective officer in Leicester was a keen Sunday-school worker.

He met Mr. Spencer and he liked him—until he became suspicious about the conferences and the gatherings which Mr. Spencer was attending.

For he knew that those conferences and gatherings were not taking place.

Moreover, he realised that Mr. Spencer's conferences and gatherings took place *on the nights when burglaries were reported.*

So Mr. Spencer was tailed and was caught in the possession of burglary tools and the proceeds of "a conference."

Then it was found that Spencer was only an alias, and that the man was a really sanctimonious, hypocritical rogue, who had been sentenced previously in the West of England.

Now, it is only in burglary and housebreaking crimes that you get these dual and somewhat picturesque personalities who cloak their activities with the disguise of respectability.

"Midnight Mick," who raids homes in the Thames valley, and only works when the moon nears its full, is one of them.

"Mick" is undoubtedly a Londoner, for not only does he go through a house while the occupants are asleep, but he also steals the owner's car from the garage and gets away in it.

Next day the car is found in the West End.

Then there is the "Thin Man," who breaks into houses while families are away.

He must be something of a double-jointed wonder, because he enters through the small upper part of metal frame windows which are so often left open day and night in suburban houses.

Flannelfoot Trail

Let me take you for a moment into the museum at Scotland Yard.

You see that map speckled with small red dots?

It is a map of Greater London, and each one of those dots represents a robbery committed by the most elusive and troublesome of all burglars—the notorious "Flannelfoot."

And there are more than 400 of those dots.

Hunting "Flannelfoot" cost the Yard about £20,000. When he was at the peak of his career, two chief inspectors and a hundred other detectives were put on special duty—to find him.

I can tell the real story of how "Flannelfoot" was eventually caught.

It was due to the long memory of Superintendent Walter Hambrook, who has since retired.

Hambrook was puzzling over the "Flannelfoot" problem when he had a sudden flash of recollection back to his days as a detective-sergeant three years before the war.

After a robbery at Ealing he had arrested and secured the conviction of a young fellow named Harry Edward Vickers. The methods used by Vickers were exactly the same as those of "Flannelfoot."

Looking up his 1911 case books, Hambrook confirmed his recollection and decided in his own mind that Harry Edward Vickers was "Flannelfoot."

"Find Vickers and you find 'Flannelfoot'—I am convinced of it," he told his colleagues.

So enquiries began about Harry Edward Vickers. Immediately the police were up against a difficulty.

They traced his wife to Reading, only to learn that in 1932 Vickers had deserted her, taking a young daughter with him.

The wife had not the slightest idea as to what had happened to husband or daughter.

Patient No. 27

That seemed like a blank wall, and meanwhile "Flannelfoot" continued his successful raiding.

The police were getting really desperate when chance put them on the trail.

A young girl was found wandering in the streets, suffering from loss of memory.

She was taken to hospital, entered as "Patient No. 27," and her photograph was published in the hope it would be recognised.

It was. "Patient No. 27" was the daughter of the missing Harry Edward Vickers.

When the girl grew better she was carefully questioned.

From her answers the police learned that Harry Vickers was now Henry Williams.

He had another "wife," whose home was in a Norfolk village.

A detective went to that Norfolk village, and gleaned that the young woman known as "Mrs. Williams" was living with her husband in Shepherds Bush.

The end of the hunt was within sight.

From that moment the house of "Henry Williams" was never left unwatched. He and his woman were shadowed everywhere they went.

One night "Williams" went out alone.

He took a 'bus to Ealing and a train to Eastcote, Middlesex, where he was cornered.

At first "Williams" denied that he was Harry Edward Vickers, but fingerprint impressions proved him to be a liar.

The flash-back recollection of Superintendent Hambrook had been right.

Although "Flannelfoot" Vickers always carried a kit of burglary tools with him—skeleton keys, flexible wire, rubber gloves and goloshes (his "flannel feet")—he usually used a garden spade to effect an entry.

He borrowed the spade from the garden shed of the house he burgled.

For obvious reasons I will not tell how he used the spade.

Vickers was content with small pickings. He never went after big stuff, and he usually burgled on a Friday—pay-day for most suburban householders.

He worked with uncanny silence, and could enter a bedroom and steal money from clothes without disturbing the sleepers.

Before leaving these suburban burglaries I want to give a warning to builders and estate agents.

It is becoming increasingly prevalent

Crooks Parade—3—by Stanley Bishop

Burglars and sneak-thieves, confidence tricksters and share-pushers, forgers, blackmailers and murderers—JOHN BULL'S famous reporter - criminologist, Stanley Bishop, has met them all, studied their lives and habits, and sometimes helped the police to put them safely behind bars.

In this enthralling series he is taking readers into the underworld and explaining one by one all the rackets and grafts by which criminals plunder the public.

NEXT WEEK, STANLEY BISHOP (left) WILL DEAL WITH CAR THIEVES.

BURGLARIES

for thieves to pose as people who want to buy or rent houses.

All they want to do, of course, is to obtain possession of house keys. They take wax impressions and have duplicate keys made.

Later, when the houses have been let or sold to someone else, the crooks go raiding with the duplicate keys.

Tenants are mystified how their homes could have been entered, for there is nothing to show how the thieves got in.

They simply walked in by unlocking a door.

Incidentally, thieves have another equally clever trick—opening a front-door lock with a piece of flexible celluloid.

This method is used by most flat burglars, and is extremely simple when you know how.

A London detective was about to give a demonstration of the celluloid "key" in a police court recently, but the magistrate stopped him.

He felt that a public display of this kind might put ideas into dishonest minds.

In the "modus operandi" files at Scotland Yard there are forty-eight main sections devoted to the methods of burglars, and each section has several sub-divisions.

Every habitual burglar known to the police has his own particular way of doing things.

No Money in it

Burglars are, in fact, quite unimaginative criminals—*they always work along the same lines.*

And by their methods they are recognised and caught.

That is one of the reasons why burglary is such an unprofitable game. The burglar never gets anything commensurate with the risks he runs.

Unless after money only, he is going to be despoiled by the receiver of stolen goods upon whom he must rely to get rid of the proceeds of a robbery.

Ten per cent. of the resale value of stolen property is the best that a cracksman can ever expect to receive from a "fence."

But what the "fence" will do is pay for the defence of a burglar after he is captured, and also assist the prisoner's wife and family.

Yes, the receivers are the men behind the burglary trade. If there were no receivers there would be no burglars.

And they are always extremely difficult to convict, for it must be proved that property has been bought when it is known to have been stolen.

Double-Crosser

One crook I know has been a receiver for many years. All kinds of snares have been set for him, but he has eluded every one of them.

He just laughs at the police when they visit him.

Still one day, no doubt, he will trip, and then the story will be sensational.

Another notorious receiver was a tobacconist with several retail shops, and a third is a "respectable" estate agent.

The tobacconist is now in prison. He is a poisonous individual, and double-crossed most of his clients.

Fashions alter in burglary. At the moment, where private houses are concerned, entry is made by a window in nearly every case, and the articles stolen are chiefly furs and clothes. These can be sold easily, and furs pay burglars better than jewels.

Cat burglary has almost disappeared from police records. That, perhaps, is because the best cat burglars are safely in prison or have grown too old for clambering up drain-pipes and walls.

Robert Delaney, who is serving a seven years' sentence, was the most skilful of all cat burglars. He could have climbed the Monument from the outside.

Delaney is a South African. He married a young widow with a fortune of £28,000 and lived for a time as a gentleman farmer in Lincolnshire. He used to hunt with the county people and drive a tandem team of two white horses.

When Delaney set out on a raid he always wore evening-dress. That, he said, allayed the suspicions of patrolling police-constables.

The greatest robbery ever known in London was committed by a cat burglar.

It was the theft of jewels and masterpieces of art from a house in Berkeley Square. The value of the loot was more than £200,000.

There was never any arrest for that theft, but the jewels were recovered, and a reward of £5,000 paid.

Almost every art robbery has that same objective—the return of the property to gain a reward.

It is impossible to resell famous pictures or art treasures.

The millionaire collector who will pay fabulous prices for pictures in order to place them in his private gallery is a legend of the thriller novelist.

Not every art thief, however, is successful in getting the reward. Insurance companies have their own investigators whose job is to prevent that.

When five classic pictures, valued at £110,000, were stolen from Chilham Castle, Kent, a reward of £8,000 was offered.

He Collected

Two of the pictures were recovered, but the man who tried to work the deal slipped up, and was punished by five years' imprisonment for receiving.

The remaining pictures were burned in the basement of a Brixton house. It was not safe to trade them back.

In my career as a reporter I have seen many art burglars sentenced, but there is one I shall always remember.

He was a man educated at a public school and university, who stole pictures because he liked them.

Touring the country in his own car, he burgled country mansions, cutting old masters from their frames, and also stealing snuff-boxes.

Gainsboroughs, Constables and Reynoldses were among the fifty famous pictures he "collected" before he was caught in Scotland.

All of them were found, after his arrest, in the store cupboard of a Bloomsbury flat, together with two hundred antique and valuable snuff-boxes.

I cannot, in fairness, give this art thief's name, for he has reformed, and is now employed as a farm bailiff.

Whenever he has a day off he comes to London and visits the National and Tate Galleries, or attends picture sales.

It was only for art's sake that he turned professional burglar.

Knowledge Test Nonsense

Stope, winze, rise, crescent, poppet head, whim, Cornish pump, kibble, sollars, and adit are all mining terms. What are their meanings?

NO, we're not going crazy. We are just quoting one of the questions from a general knowledge paper set to the boys of King William's College, Isle of Man.

And before we begin to draw a moral, let us give you one more teaser from the same examination.

Under the simple heading "Who Said?" are ten exclamations ranging from, "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and "Faster! Faster!" to "Goroo! Goroo!"

* * *

We could give that question the only answer it deserves in two words—"Who cares?"

One day, an educationist with ideas may come along and sweep all this nonsense into oblivion. The sooner he arrives, the better.

Our whole educational system is being cluttered up with rubbish that is doing no one the slightest good.

Not only school children, but naval officers, nurses, budding Civil Servants, policemen and a host of others now have to sit and answer examination questions that have absolutely no bearing on the careers they have chosen.

Only a week or so ago, a member of the Kent County Council revealed that healthy girls who would make first-class nurses were being turned away not because they had the wrong temperament, but because they could not answer a mass of ridiculous questions.

* * *

Can anything equal the folly of refusing a girl admission to a profession that is crying out for recruits, just because she could not answer the questions, "Who were Adam Bede and Maggie Tulliver?"; "Where is the Acropolis?" and write an essay describing the Kremlin!

Think of some of the questions they ask would-be policemen. There are problems that would make a University Don scratch his head with puzzled wonder. In any case, does a man make a more efficient policeman because he knows, to a foot, the heights of the world's tallest mountains?

As for schoolchildren, their lives are being made nightmares by the questions which some examiners have thought up for them.

Boys and girls of eleven are plagued by psychological tests that are supposed to develop their reasoning powers.

Yet these same questions have floored many a cultured adult.

This is the sort of thing, set recently for a number of eleven-year-old schoolboys in Middlesex. The paper asked:

> **Give the best reason for having eggs for breakfast out of the following:—(a) We cannot afford anything else; (b) We like eggs for breakfast; (c) We cannot think of anything else to have; (d) England imports eggs.**

In these days, when so many children suffer from nervous complaints, there is force in the view, taken by many experts, that half of these complaints are caused by attempts to stuff the undeveloped brains of children with knowledge they cannot absorb.

* * *

If and when enlightened education does come, it will do more good than many of us imagine.

At least it will produce square pegs for square holes—not a lot of "nervy" misfits who have been demoralised by examinations that are as useless as they are ridiculous.

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But you can put a stop to it! You can quickly end this Dry Scalp condition. Always before you shampoo, sprinkle on a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic — massage with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly.

Then shampoo with "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo. It's *soapless*, which means no powdery scum is left in your hair. It cleanses thoroughly, your hair gleams with new lights, "sets" better.

Use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic as a dressing, too. A little on your hair keeps it in place, brings out the high lights. And it is so economical — you need only a little for a massage. Two sizes, 1/6 and 3/- (three times as much in larger bottle). "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo 4d. (Prices not applicable to Eire.)

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For a trial bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a packet of "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.) with name and address (in block letters) to Dept. WJB 20, Chesebrough Manufacturing Company Cons'd, Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

PS. *Don't forget to use "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo*

HUMANIST solves the problem of the child thieves

RECENTLY I have received a number of letters about stealing.

Most of them come from worried parents who see their children taking the road that leads to prison.

Here is a typical example:—

"My wife and I need your advice badly. We have one child, a girl of eleven, and she is a problem to us.

"We found out a long time ago that we must not leave money lying about or it would disappear.

"But our first real trouble occurred last summer when she went to play in the home of a girl friend and took money and a ring from a handbag belonging to the friend's elder sister.

"The truth came out and she was made to pay back the money from her savings.

"We gave all the facts to our local clergyman and asked him to deal with her. We hoped she would be cured, but on visiting relatives this last week-end she took a shilling from her aunt's handbag.

"Apart from these lapses, she has always been a good girl. She is not spoilt in any way. She isn't kept short, but we cannot give her much as I am only a labourer.

"She is strong and healthy, and we have done our best to bring her up to be straight and honest.

"What we are afraid of now is that there will be a next time, with more serious consequences. What shall we do? I do hope you will be able to help us."

First, let me ask a question. Why do children steal? I don't believe they know. The temptation comes and they yield to it.

A young boy was caught stealing sweets from a multiple store. He was warned and threatened, but he kept on doing it.

In the juvenile court, where his case was investigated, it was found that the boy was fed mainly on bread-and-margarine, or bread-and-dripping, and at mid-day he "filled up" with potatoes.

For a treat he was given a supper of fish-and-chips.

Notice that there was nothing sweet in the lad's food.

We all need a certain amount of sugar in our daily diet, and children need it more than adults do. It is essential for the human body.

That poor lad was taking sweets because his "tummy" was crying out for them. He was more or less driven to it through wrong feeding.

OTHERS steal, not because they want to deprive other people of their possessions, but because they have a craving for adventure.

They have daydreams in which they imagine themselves to be celebrated crooks like Arsene Lupin and Raffles.

They are really playing a game—rather like pretending to be Robin Hood or Robinson Crusoe. The actual "stealing" is part of the game.

Maybe it's a desire for the limelight, or the parents' indifference—even lack of sweets—that makes a child join the light-fingered brigade

DAYDREAMS MAKE THEM STEAL

Again, some children steal to compensate themselves because they are neglected and ignored.

They need affection just as they need sugar; and if they are overlooked by parents they console themselves with substitutes.

This may sound rather far-fetched, but it has been proved many times.

I think, too, that some young children steal because it makes them feel important.

They create a scene in which they take the leading rôle.

Mother cries and pleads; father loses his temper and storms; the household is distracted.

But while this is happening the child is "in the limelight," and he likes to be the centre of attention.

It may be that this is the only way in which he can get the attention he wants.

Parents who are worried by their children's stealing should remember two things:

(1) Try to find out the motive for the theft and act accordingly.

(2) Don't let the children know how upset you are. You can be strict without becoming emotional about it.

Here is another letter about a girl of eighteen. A woman writes:

"My friend has been losing money from the till in her shop and also from her cash-box.

"The amounts have been small, but over a lengthy period of time they have totalled up to about £7.

"She did not give any signs of having missed the money in the hope that the thefts would stop, but at last she taxed her niece about it.

"After a lot of sulking and temper the girl admitted taking it. My friend gave her a lecture, and made her promise that it would not happen again.

"But a short time afterwards money was again missing, and my friend had no alternative but to forbid the girl entering the shop.

"She saw the local probation officer, who also spoke to the girl, but with little effect.

"The niece is an orphan, and has been brought up by my friend from childhood. She has a good home and practically everything she wants.

"My friend feels she must protect herself, but does not wish the trouble to be known in the district. She is very concerned about the girl's future."

THE friend made a mistake in not saying anything for a long time.

She kept silent hoping it would stop! But that was surely the way to encourage the thief to continue.

Young children sometimes go through a short phase of stealing, and then stop as suddenly as they began; but if a girl of eighteen keeps on stealing, the problem is serious.

Now that the habit has become ingrained, she needs more drastic treatment.

Such a girl should not be allowed to be in any position where temptations are likely to occur. She should be given the sort of job which prevents her handling money.

The girl who will help herself to the cash-box now will shortly be casting covetous eyes at the fur-shop. And the fur-shop, the police court, and the prison are all on the same downhill road.

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Our New Year Presentation

THIS week, in the centre pages, we announce our historic New Year Presentation to every reader.

It is a publishing achievement that will stand pre-eminent throughout the year—"THE WORLD CRISIS"—1911-1918—by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.

This world-famous work has hitherto been unobtainable by the general public in its unabridged form under £5 2s. Because of the vital importance and significance of this work, JOHN BULL is making it available in two Volumes at the astonishingly low price of only 3s. 9d. each Volume, carriage Free. Think of it! £5 2s. value for 7s. 6d.!

Here, in more than 1,400 pages and 600,000 words, Britain's greatest contemporary historian sets down the most graphic description of the World War ever penned—war as it is really fought, not only by "Tommies" in the trenches and the ratings on the high seas, but also by the Generals at Headquarters and Admirals directing their Fleets, war as it is fought with flags on maps as well as with shot and shell.

But in this work Mr. Churchill deals not only with the war. He goes back to the period of 1911-1914, and shows that history is marching along the same road.

The text is supported by invaluable maps, charts and diagrams, important letters, secret documents and Official Memoranda of historic value.

So great will be the demand for this work that JOHN BULL strongly advises all its readers to apply immediately. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Turn now to the centre pages and complete and return the Reservation Forms at once.

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NO long weary weeks of *hoping* to get well! After Wincarnis you feel better *at once*—and that's half-way to recovery your doctor will tell you. The effect is amazing! Wincarnis strengthens the blood that your body lives on, THE SAME MINUTE that you drink a glassful. Then, it steadily rebuilds you. It pours two kinds of vitamins essential to life into your blood-stream—does not lower you, like pain-killer drugs—and its rich extracts actually become more effective because they are blended in wine! That is why Wincarnis has over 20,000 recommendations from Medical Men!

COLDS, NERVES, ACHES AND PAINS, INDIGESTION

Just read this—It is typical of thousands of letters sent to us: *'I felt weak and nervy and my mirror showed I had pale cheeks, dull eyes and hair. I had 'nerves' and a lump in my throat besides headaches. Nothing I tried seemed to do me any good. Then I tried 'Wincarnis,' the 'No-Waiting' Tonic. I felt happier the same day, and now I have forgotten I was ever ill, ugly and unhappy. That was 3 weeks ago: now I am strong, confident and full of life: my husband says I look 10 years younger.'*

STOP WAITING TO GET WELL!—Act Now; Go straight to your nearest Wine and Spirit Merchant, Licensed Grocer, or Licensed Chemist—and bring home a bottle of Wincarnis, the wonderful 'NO-WAITING' tonic. In a remarkably short time, you will become healthy, happy and admired again.

10 MINUTES TO ELEVEN Worn-out, Depressed and Nervy, afraid to look in the mirror 'don't know what's the matter; nothing seems to do me any good!'

9 MINUTES TO ELEVEN AMAZING! I tried a glass of delicious Wincarnis! They said it was the 'NO-WAITING' Tonic and already I feel it is doing me good!

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Please send me FREE amazing booklet 'The 9 Fears' written by a famous psychologist; advice worth £5.5.0 that will root out all the hidden worries in my life. Amazing Fear-Chart is included in this booklet. *Post to-day in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp to Wincarnis Dept. A4 Norwich.*

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....AGE..........

The NEXT Station

Only two people were in the compartment — and one seemed to be anxious

Short Story by David Adam

I was lying on a rug. A woman was bending over me

THE train slowed, stopped, creaked and started again a dozen times. . . . Stockley, Hams Hill, New Bendon, Pittingham, Gorley Junction, Wildrop. . . .

I did not notice one of these stations, for each had long since ceased to have any greater significance in my life than a couple of jerks on the nightly journey home.

But the man in the grey raincoat who sat opposite me—there was no one else in the compartment—had not, I noticed, the same detachment.

At every stop he started forward in his seat, peered out of the murky window, not at one name sign, but at two or three before he relaxed and sat back in his corner.

When the train drew to a halt at Wanley, his anxious eye failed to enlighten him. He let the window down with a bang and hung out, his eyes screwed up, his mouth half open.

Then he turned to me suddenly and said, in a voice which cracked slightly with nervousness: "Excuse me, sir, but . . . is this Purvale?"

"No," I told him. "You've got a long way to go yet. . . . Let's see . . . five . . . six more stations after this."

HE sat down and looked at me with a self-conscious, rather pathetic little grin and said: "Silly of me!"

I felt I ought to say something more, so I asked: "Are you new to this line?"

"Oh, no," he said, his grin fixed on his face as if he had forgotten to remove it. "I've travelled this way for years. . . . But I have an absurd horror of going past my destination. . . . A sort of obsession, I suppose. I know very well we can't have got to Purvale yet, but I'm always afraid I might have dropped off to sleep. . . . It may sound childish, but . . ."

His voice trailed off lamely.

"Not at all," I reassured him. "I think most people have the same feeling in some degree. . . . A sort of fear of disorganising the whole order of things by a slip in the routine of living."

"Yes," he said, and the grin had gone; "the whole order of things. . . . That's just it!"

THERE was silence for a few moments, and then he leaned across towards me and said, "D'you know . . . there *was* a time when I used to sit in this train and fight with an impulse *not* to get out at Purvale!"

I raised an encouraging eyebrow.

"Yes," the man in the grey raincoat went on. "I used to look at the map up there and wonder where the train went on after I'd got out of it.

"The places beyond Purvale were just so many names to me. . . . I'd never been to one of them, and I had a silly day-dreaming ambition to go on one day and see 'em all.

"And the place that I most wanted to see was the very next station — Merlin's Heath.

"What a name for a place! I used to think that it couldn't fail to be at least half as exciting as it sounded.

"I would sit and wonder if it were a real heath, with bracken and rabbits. . . . And if perhaps there were the ruins of some grim old castle there, and maybe a legend about a local wizard who used to talk to the great-great-great-grandfathers of the ravens that still flew among the broken walls. . . .

"A lot of nonsense, but it used to make the journey seem shorter."

"Well," I said, "it makes a pretty picture . . . but you would have been sadly disappointed."

"I was!" he said, and a little of his anxiety crept back into his face.

"Oh?" I answered. "So you went there?"

"Yes. . . . I went there. It was a very difficult thing to do, you know, to break the habit of years for a crazy schoolboy fancy. . . .

"When the train stopped at Purvale I had the hardest job in the world to hold myself down in my seat and watch the platform slide by, and the people I knew so well herding through the booking-office door, and that white-haired porter collecting the tickets.

"I remember feeling quite embarrassed in case he should see me! I was a very regular passenger. . . .

"MY heart seemed to thump almost as loudly as the train wheels as we got up speed again, and I stared out of the window like any schoolboy, waiting for the houses to end and the heath to begin.

"The heath! Perhaps you know what Merlin's Heath looks like, and if you do, you'll be able to realise a little of the disappointment I felt when the train stopped there. . . .

"The ugly little station. . . . The untidy timber yard opposite. . . . The crowded houses—more crowded than at Purvale. . . . The gasworks and that awful block of municipal offices. . . . I knew before I had paid my excess fare and wandered out into the station yard that there was no heath left at all, if there had ever been one.

"No castle ruins . . . no rabbits . . . no ravens . . . just disillusionment. I felt like a kid who'd discovered there were no such things as fairies. . . . Sounds ridiculous, I know, but . . .

"Well, anyway, I felt I wasn't going to be cheated altogether. I'd at least see what Merlin's Heath *was* like, however bad, and I started walking up the hill from the station, still in a bewildered sort of daze.

"I was tempted to spend the rest of the evening in 'The Black Boy,' but that would have been too easy an escape, so I pushed on, hardly looking where I was going, until I found myself off the main street and walking past a row of newish villas.

"You know the sort of thing—stained-glass lights in the front door, fancy brickwork all over the place, boxy little garage—cosy-looking places, but they didn't seem to tally with a name like Merlin's Heath any more than the gasworks did.

"I suppose I'd got about half-way down the road, still not knowing where in the world I was making for, when it happened. . . .

"I was half-conscious of hearing the engine of a car ticking over, and the sound of grating gears. . . . Then I heard the engine rev. up and a great black shape came jerking furiously out of the front gate I was just passing—and knocked me over!

"Even if I'd been on the alert, I couldn't have got out of its way. I

(Continued on page 26)

BREAK UP THAT COLD tonight!

with the 3-Minute Vick Massage

To get to the roots of a bad cold or cough, do this at bedtime: (1) rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub briskly on throat and chest; (2) rub it also on the back; (3) to lengthen and strengthen its famous double action, spread it thick on the chest and cover with warmed flannel.

Makes you feel better at once

The massage starts Vick working direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, warmed by the body-heat, Vick releases powerful healing vapours that are breathed in 18 times a minute direct to the irritated air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest. Working for hours in these two ways, Vick soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy. Relaxed and comfortable, you soon drop off to restful sleep. By morning, the worst of the cold is over.

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When the temperature's low

NIPITS

VOICE, THROAT AND CHEST PASTILLES

Will make you glow!

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Many persons taking 'Milk of Magnesia' for acid stomach find to their joy, that the rheumatism from which they suffered has also disappeared. This is explained by the fact that most rheumatic afflictions are caused by excess uric acid, which is neutralized by the antacid action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

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Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Philips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

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DELIVERED FREE FOR 5/-

In thousands of homes throughout the Kingdom, Berkeley Upholstery has set a new standard of home comfort and luxury. Let 1939 be a Comfort Year for you. Install the Berkeley Superlax in your home and enjoy supreme rest and relaxation.

It suits every one, tall or short, and is so designed that you can change to any position — upright, resting or lounging—without adjustment or leaving the chair.

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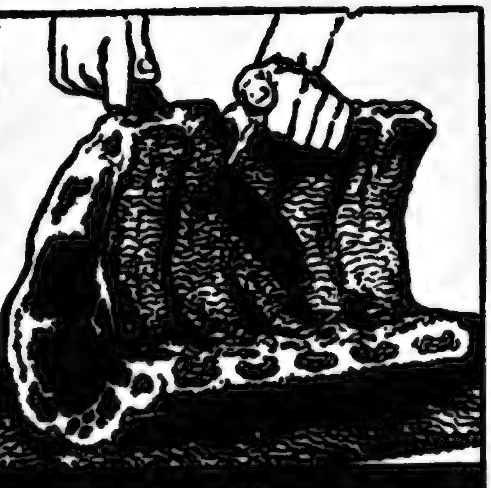

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Made in 15 minutes

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WOMEN DISLIKE DUSKY SIDE-PIECES

THEY LIKE THEIR MEN SMOOTH FROM THE

OLIVE OIL SHAVE

Make *yours* a Palmolive shave —it's never hard on your skin. It's a clean shave and a smooth shave, made extra-sympathetic by the olive oil in its make-up. Try it tomorrow morning!

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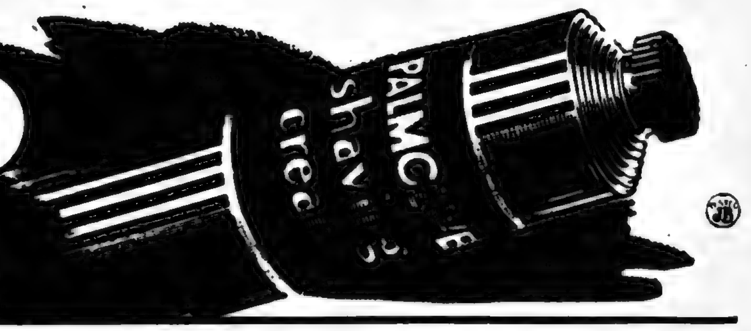

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IF you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read Mr. Bennett's special message on page 6—then fill in the coupon for full details. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned in the announcement of the Bennett College, which has a staff of 197 in daily attendance—all at your service!

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FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

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70 YEARS REPUTATION

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Leave behind that limp, exhausted self..

HALL'S WINE
banishes depressing after-effects of Winter Ills . .

Housework is bound to be too much for you when you are weakened by colds and other winter ills! But take heart! Take Hall's Wine. Your exhausted system absorbs without effort this wonderful tonic restorative.

Feel better in 30 seconds

Thirty seconds from your first wineglassful, a glow of new vitality tells you that Hall's Wine is acting directly on your blood-stream. Soon its energising and rejuvenating elements make you feel again that life is good and sweet. How attractive you become as Hall's Wine begins its work! Your revitalised blood beautifies your complexion from within, makes your eyes sparkle, your hair glossy! Hall's Wine builds up lasting health. Buy a bottle today.

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Rejuvenates and Revitalises you. Fortifies against Colds, Coughs, 'Flu

From Wine Merchants and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences. Large bottle 5/6, smaller size 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3

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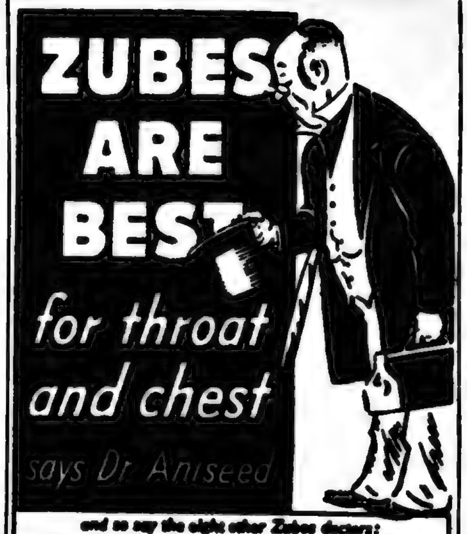

ZUBES ARE BEST for throat and chest says Dr Aniseed

and so say the eight other Zubes doctors:
BALSAM, SQUILLS, MENTHOL, HOREHOUND, HONEY, LIQUORICE, COLTSFOOT, CAPSICUM.

ZUBES

In flat, airtight tins 3D 6D or loose, 2½d. an ounce.

Continued from page 24

The Next Station

think my head hit the kerb . . . anyway, I remember seeing a lot of purple sparks, and then I faded out into a sort of roaring black cavern.

"I must have been out some time, and when I came to, as they say, I was lying on a rug with a cushion under my head.

"I couldn't see anything much at first, though. There was a woman bending over me, and her face kept fading into a muzzy pink mist, all out of focus.

"A little glass was being pushed at my mouth, and I sipped brandy. It stung my lips and throat and tongue, but it was good, I can tell you. . . . And when it began to work, my eyes cleared, and I—I thought I was dead.

"You see, I knew the woman who was bending over me, and I'd thought she was dead.

"I'D been in love with her years before . . . still was in love with her. . . . Still am, I suppose.

"We'd even been engaged for about six months, until some fool quarrel about another man had ended everything.

"I don't think there was anything in it—about the other man, I mean. At least, not until I flared up; then there was. She was a girl with a pretty good spirit, and the other chap caught her on the rebound, so to speak.

"I got over it, in a way; and a long time afterwards I heard that she was dangerously ill. Somehow I got it into my head that she was dead . . . and here she was, holding a cold, wet sponge to my forehead and saying, 'Lie still a few minutes, Jim. . . . You'll be all right.'

"I took another swig of brandy, and then I knew I wasn't dead. I remember laughing a bit when I thought of brandy in heaven!

"She looked a bit puzzled to see me laugh. . . . I must have been a pretty sight, with scratches all over my chin and blood drying in my hair. But she laughed, too, when I told her what I'd thought.

"'No, Jim boy,' she said. 'This isn't heaven!' And from the way she said it I half expected to hear her add, 'Far from it!'

"After a bit I was able to sit up and look round. I was in a neat little sitting-room, with a fawn-and-blue rug and cream walls and shiny black wireless set—the sort of sitting-room you see in furniture shop windows.

"Then I caught something that seemed to be out of place in this neat little room—nothing else was out of place—an envelope propped against the electric clock on the mantelpiece. And I could see that it had one word written on it, though from where I was sitting I couldn't read it.

"MARY—that was her name—still had her arm round my shoulders, and she saw what I was looking at.

"'Yes, Jim,' she said. 'I was leaving him. . . .'

"I managed to say, 'Leaving him? . . . Was leaving him?'

"'Yes,' she told me. 'I was just going away in the car—it's my own car, really—when I bumped into you. I wasn't thinking of much else except that I must get away, or I should have seen you as I backed out.

"'I never was a very good driver, was I? . . . Remember how we hit that haycart down at Shere? How cross you were with me!'

"Then she started to cry, and we sat together in the middle of the rug like a couple of lost kids.

"After a bit she began to talk . . . told me how things had turned out pretty badly with Eddie—that was the chap she married. Not that he was a bad scout, altogether, but they just didn't hit it off.

"It was all right for a bit, apparently, but he'd pretty soon let her see that he knew she didn't care too much about him. . . . And with that between them, though I believe they both tried to make a good job of it, things had in the end gone fairly on the rocks.

"HER illness had brought them together for a time—but that didn't last. . . . And that night she'd decided that the whole fabric of their married life had worn too thin to stand any more patching-up.

"Before I knew what I was doing, I was talking . . . begging her to come away with me . . . telling her how happy I would make her . . . talking, I suppose, like a cheap novelette.

"She seemed to be listening, but her eyes were fixed on the letter up there on the shelf, and then I saw that she was shaking her head, slowly, but as if she meant it.

"And when I stopped talking, I heard her whispering, 'No . . . no . . . no'—just like that.

"You know what a fatalistic kink most women have got. They'll burn their boats behind them one minute, then they'll see something that sends them swimming steadily back to the shore they have just left for ever, if you see what I mean.

"Mary was just like that. . . . 'It wouldn't do, Jim,' she said; and started talking about my career—as if you could call the silly little job I've got a career.

"I told her I'd start all over again, wherever she wanted to go, if only she'd come with me. I've got a cousin in Alberta, and I suddenly saw us—the two of us—out there, helping him run his farm.

"But she couldn't see it. She just shook her head, and dabbed her eyes with a little blue handkerchief.

"Soon I knew it was no use trying to persuade her, and I just sat there on the rug with my chin on my knees and cursed myself for ever dreaming about bracken and ravens. I ought to have known better than to let that sort of thing run away with me.

"She looked at the clock. 'He'll be home soon,' she said. 'And you must go, Jim—if you feel you can get home all right. Here, finish this.' And she poured the rest of the brandy from a little bottle into the glass and gave it to me.

"Then she took the note from the shelf and tore it up into little pieces and stuffed them into the pocket of the coat she still had on.

"I don't know how I got home. . . . I remember kissing her hand and lurching into the little garden fences as I went down the road . . . and the queer look the booking-clerk gave me at the station.

"So, you see, I must never go past my station . . . never go to Merlin's Heath again. If I did—well, I know what I should do.

"I should go up that quiet little road again, just as I did that night last autumn—and, well, heaven knows what I should do then. . . ."

* * *

SOMEHOW the man in the grey raincoat had changed. He seemed bigger, more significant, and his nervousness had gone.

When the train jerked to a standstill he did not glance from the window, but rose resolutely and smiled at me as he said: "Well, this really is Purvale, I think. . . . I hope I haven't bored you. . . . Good-night!" And was gone.

I found that I couldn't say more than "Good-night." His story had made me think, and for the rest of the journey I found myself revising my evaluation of myself as a husband.

As I put my key in the latch a wry little thought came to my mind.

I'd often wondered what had happened to that quarter-bottle of brandy.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Up the Garden

This is the vicar's dream.

IF Nero had loved croquet like a rector,
And Henry Number VIII remained unwed,
And Attila had been a stamp collector,
Some gory pages hist'ry would have shed;
And how much nicer, too, and how much better
For Antony, whose heart was set a-whirl,
If only Cleopatra when he met her
Had been a healthy minded fitness girl!

Also, if only the Rev. C. H. Scott, vicar of Caincross, Stroud, Glos., had not supplied the cue for this "if" game I would not now be writing this perfectly loathsome article.

The particular "if" suggested by the rev. gentleman is: If Hitler had had a wife and a garden, would he have become an ordinary, lovable family man?

Certain it is that there is food for solemn thought in the Rev. Mr. Scott's pronouncement that Hitler, wed and with a garden, would have dug and dug and "been cured of his apparent warlike tendencies."

If this is so, those numerous well-meaning people who a while back yearned to present Mr. Chamberlain with fishing streams would have better served the interests of peace if they had forced landscape gardens, kitchen gardens, winter gardens, beer gardens and rock gardens on the Fuehrer.

However, better late than never. So, as an ardent lover of peace, I will be delighted forthwith to bestow upon Adolf a garden rich in geological strata, together with the mineral rights therein, the tool and potting-sheds thereon, and the lawn mower, roller and other instruments of torture associated therewith.

But I fear that Hitler will not easily be led up the garden path and I shall be left with the hateful, frost-bitten thing on my sorely blistered hands.

In these circumstances, it seems a little thick that unhappy members of the badly landed gentry engaged in trying to make two (or more) blades of grass grow where none grew before should be invited by the Rev. Mr. Scott to feel sorry for the gardenless Fuehrer!

Dig, boys, dig and bless your blisters;
Then mow the lawn, to save domestic strife,
While you spare a tear or two
For that poor, dear Adolf, who
Has neither got a garden nor a wife!

Y. Z.

THE B.B.C.

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Opening up A NEW WORLD of HAPPINESS & PROFIT

This Catalogue is the Key to a New World for you!

A Personal Message from Mr. John Moores of Littlewoods, to all those who want A WIDER LIFE

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It's a spare-time hobby—and the happiest of hobbies. After the day's routine, you can turn to the running of your Littlewood Club—the thrill of organising it; the joy of meeting more and more friends; the deep satisfaction of winning their trust and respect. It will mean a **NEW FREEDOM** for you!

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YOU CAN BEGIN WITH EVEN 10 MEMBERS

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"It will be four years in August since I first became an Organiser, and I can never express the thrills of drawing-night. It has been four years of pleasure."

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For a 20-week, 1/- a Week Club:

CASH 40/- OR GOODS 45/-

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- & **UNLIMITED COMMISSION ON EXTRA CASH ORDERS** from Members and non-Members, at 2/- in the £.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

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FREE COUPON value 5/-

① 250-page **LITTLEWOOD CATALOGUE** beautifully illustrated.

② **BOOKLET** explaining the easiest way to form and run a Littlewood Shilling Club.

③ **COMPLETE OUTFIT** of Stationery, Members' Cards and Forms, all ready printed with my own name and address—everything necessary to run a successful Littlewood Club.

I have energy and initiative, and I would like to try my hand at forming a Littlewood Club. To make up my mind, I would first like to see your Catalogue and full particulars. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Surname..........................*Christian Name(s)*..................
JB/18/MR (*Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and write in BLOCK LETTERS.*)
Address ....
Town....................................*County*.......................

CUT OUT THIS COUPON TO-DAY! Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to **LITTLEWOOD 1/- CLUBS, Old Hall Street, LIVERPOOL, 2.**

Playing on my Old Banjo—

Reader's Story:
by Mr. C. P. Murphy,
31, Callington Road, Bristol, 4

Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

"Soon I was being marched back to the farmhouse — to be gagged and bound"

IT was a fine, solid haystack about a hundred yards from the road and with not a farmhouse in sight.

I climbed the hedge, trudged across the stubble, and sat down beneath its shelter, laying my old banjo across my knees.

As I picked out a tune I thought what a good friend that battered instrument had been to me since I lost my job and went on the tramp.

With it I had been able to earn what little money I needed for meals and a bed when the weather was bad.

" . . . where the mountains o' Mourne creep down to the sea . . ." I hummed.

Yes, my heart was full of longing for Ireland. The soft West Country night, with the moon just rising, took me back to my boyhood days in the "Ould Counthry." Everything was so still and peaceful.

Then suddenly, from the direction of the road, came the sharp cry of a man in pain, and thud of blows and the scuffing of heavy boots.

I dashed to the hedge and looked over, just in time to see a tall, thin man sprinting away towards Minehead.

In the ditch below me lay another man, a middle-aged farmer, who was holding his head in both hands and groaning.

Papers and cards strewn on the road made it clear that he had been robbed.

There was a little water in the ditch, and I sprinkled some of it on his face and dabbed the wound on his forehead with my neckerchief. Then I helped him to sit up.

The next moment I got the surprise of my life.

The farmer saw the papers on the road, seized me round the knees, and roared, "Robber! Murderer! I've got you! Help, help!"

I TRIED to explain, but it wasn't any good. He kept shouting at the top of his voice, and presently came an answering call from down the road. Four labourers were racing towards us. . . .

Tearing myself from the farmer's grasp, I bolted down a cart track with my pursuers close on my heels, but I was in good condition and increased my lead.

Then, round a bend, I came on a farm with its buildings.

I vaulted a gate and ducked through a barn into a field of turnips.

A little way ahead was a clump of trees that offered a hiding-place. But I couldn't reach it in time.

Then I saw the hole in the hedge, flung myself into it, and lay doggo.

Three of the labourers panted past me and began to beat among the trees. If I could sneak out of my hole and keep in the cover of the hedge, I might escape.

VERY slowly, very gingerly, I began to wriggle along on my stomach.

But I had forgotten the fourth man.

He had been lurking in the shadows, waiting for me. He sprang on my shoulders, grabbed me by the throat and shouted for the others.

A few minutes later, I was being frog-marched to the house, where the farmer was waiting with his stick.

There I was gagged and bound, thrown into a car and driven to Lynmouth police station, to be charged with robbery with violence.

"Sure," I protested, "I'm no thief. I'm only an out-of-work lad on the tramp.

"Why should I rob anyone? I can make enough for my needs playing on my old banjo. You'll find it under the haystack, where I was going to spend the night."

The inspector looked a bit puzzled at that, and his frown deepened when he searched me and found none of the farmer's belongings.

Just then, the telephone rang.

The inspector took up the receiver and listened for a few minutes.

"Hold on," he said to the speaker at the other end, and turned to the farmer. "Still certain that this man here was the one who robbed you?"

"Absolutely!"

"Well, Mr. Higgins," said the inspector, "this is very strange. Minehead say they have arrested a man on a charge of vagrancy, and that when his pockets were turned out they found your wallet.

"By the way, did you speak to your attacker?"

"Aye, he asked me for a match."

The inspector turned back to the telephone. "We are sending Mr. Higgins right along by car," he said.

To me he added, "You sit there, my lad, until Mr. Higgins returns."

For two hours I waited anxiously.

Then came the screech of a car's brakes and the farmer burst into the station.

"The thief has owned up," he cried. "I withdraw the charge against this man." Nor was that all. He insisted on giving me a job, and when we picked up my old banjo he wanted to buy me a new one.

But, of course, I didn't accept that gift. The job, yes. But, as I have told you, that old banjo means a lot to me and playing on any other would be like deserting a trusted friend.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Cute Wagering

NOW that we have the Lincoln entries, keen backers can go ahead with their Spring Double wagers. We do not bother so much about the nominations for the Grand National, for we are—or we think we are—aware of all the Aintree "possibles."

I remember backing Flamenco and Golden Miller for the double in early January, 1935. After Flamenco had won I "hedged" on Golden Miller, who started at about 9 to 4 for the National. "The Miller" fell, but, even so, my double-event bet enabled me to win a tidy sum.

This is the charm of ante-post betting. So long as you know that your horse is to be trained for the race, you really can't go very far wrong.

Many professionals get in early and accept the 33's and 40's about horses which are reasonably sure to run. Near the day of the race they can "hedge" these bets by laying a shade above the current odds, which may be anything from "tens" to "twenties."

Then the backer is in the happy position of being on something to nothing, which is better business than having £100 to £2 about the favourite.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, January 5, to Wednesday, January 11.

A	B	X	K	R	98	G	E	96	D	N	V	J	H	Z	U
P	M	C	O	Y	L	94	I	W	93	F	97	S	T	95	Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: XTEMIYHP would read CHIBERTA.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. APHMP982 would read PATBALL.

Of course I take a laxative

THAT'S MY SECRET OF GOOD HEALTH

Do you long to be attractively slim? To have a lovely clear complexion? Then start a course of Beechams Pills to-day. They are so simple to take, harmless, gentle, yet always effective. Millions have proved there's nothing to equal Beechams Pills. They are the Golden Rule of Health. You can get them everywhere.

My laxative is Beechams Pills

for over 90 years the supreme remedy for CONSTIPATION, Biliousness, Digestive Upsets, and Poor Skin

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Pains in the Back

Rheumatic Pains, Painful Joints, Urinary Disorders, Bladder Weakness, Disturbed Sleep point to Sluggish Kidneys

WHY STRUGGLE on with that crippling pain, when Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills could put you right? Doans Pills stop the self-poisoning caused by weak kidney action. They stimulate and cleanse these vital organs, helping them to rid the blood of the harmful impurities which make life a misery. Thousands of grateful users recommend Doans Pills for backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, lumbago and sciatica.

"Doans Pills put me right"

Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, says: "Pains in my back were so acute I had to lie up on occasions for weeks. The water was unnatural and caused a scalding pain when seeking relief. I had splitting headaches and dizzy bouts. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills was the medicine I needed. They soon put my kidneys right and rid me of pain. I feel I have only Doans Pills to thank for my freedom from backache, lumbago and urinary disorders.

(*Signed*) C. Bloomfield."

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 136-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines.—L. Frankenberg, Ltd., 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREDIT Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus. Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., Ltd., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £2-£5 per week in leisure hours. Beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

There are now many vacancies for men to enlist as

AIRCRAFTHANDS,

with excellent prospects of being selected later for training in a trade such as Flight Mechanic, Wireless Operator, Electrician, etc.

Apply for free booklet, "A Life for Men," to R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, W.C.2, or to any R.A.F. Recruiting Depot or Post Office.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 327), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 335, High Holborn, W.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces.—Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 603), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship and the Public Services.—Write to-day—THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 569, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICERS.—Start £3 8s. weekly, rising to £575 p.a., with pension. Fine outdoor occupation. No experience required. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 20), 335, High Holborn, WC1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES.—Both sexes—aged 15 to 25—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 331), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap. Samples free with leaflets, "Business Helps."—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

START a Printing Business at Home and Earn Pound Notes with the new Adana Machine. Cash or easy terms.—Write for interesting Free Book, "£ £'s from Print." For address see Adana advertisement, top of page 3.

RETAILERS HANDLING SPECIAL NOVELTIES OF INTEREST TO HOUSEWIVES SHOULD write to *John Bull* and ask about a real money-making proposition. How to advertise in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" and get maximum results at minimum cost without delay.—Address inquiries for FREE ADVICE, without obligation, to: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, *John Bull*, Room 22, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Buck's British Carnival Novelties, 130, Upper St., London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances—Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1939 free.—Dudleys, 461, Holloway Rd., N.7.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. LIST FREE.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. J.B.), 232, MILE END RD., London, E.1.

WOOL SALE.—Super Botany Knit 2½d. oz., Fastnit 2½d., [illegible] Angora [illegible] 1/6, [illegible] 1/11, [illegible] 1/11. Write now for Free Samples and 16-page Guide to Knitting.—[illegible] Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 18s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 36s.

FREE catalogue of the latest 1939 Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair and complete range of coverings. Fill in coupon on page 25.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 2. Home-made 75-piece Layette for only 30/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

BARGAIN hunters should not overlook Bolsom's special Annual Sale on pages 4 and 5. Outstanding bargains are offered in this, one of the greatest sales in the furnishing trade.

BE up to date—use a Remington Home Portable. Weight only 11 lb., size 12 by 12½ by 5 in., complete with case. Write for booklet No. CC675, address Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem . . . that make poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

ASTHMA

"DŌ-DŌ THE ONLY LASTING REMEDY"

says Mrs. H. F.

Next time you are seized by an Asthma spasm, be ready with a Do-Do tablet! Inside 30 seconds your gasping for breath will be eased, and in 15 to 30 minutes you will be moving about, breathing normally. Do-Do Tablets are sold by Qualified Chemists, 1s. (7 full doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size), and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size).

Get a packet today, or use the Coupon below for a FREE Test Supply.

Aldershot, Nov. 30th, 1937.

"I would like to thank you for the benefit derived from DO-DO Tablets.

"I had Asthma very badly and spent days in bed or upstairs. Since I couldn't get up and down, I tried several so-called 'Cures' but found DO-DO Tablets the only lasting remedy. The quickness with which they take effect is unbelievable until tried.

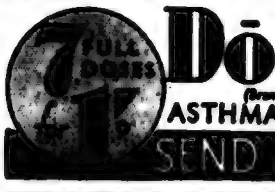
"I have effected two more successful cures by recommending them to two friends suffering from Asthma. I'm well now and so are my friends." (*signed*) **Mrs. H. F.**

The power of a single Do-Do tablet to cut short the worst choking paroxysm is due to its high medicinal content. The Do-Do formula provides a combination of precious, soothing and healing medicaments found in no other asthma remedy—powder, tablet or liquid—at any price

Do-Do gives you a week's preventive treatment for a shilling! You do not have to take four, six or eight Do-Do tablets a day to get the promised relief. ONE Do-Do tablet is a full and effective dose, and ONE a day keeps you absolutely free from attacks.

Do-Do (Brand) Tablets have amazing power to conquer stubborn and deep-seated coughs.

Do-Do (Brand) Tablets have a special potency in the treatment of **ASTHMA IN ALL ITS MANY FORMS,** but they are also of the utmost value in chronic cases of **Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Night Coughing Fits, Chest Tightness, Wheeziness, Dyspnoea (difficult breathing), Emphysema (air-distended lungs)**—in fact, in all respiratory disorders in which coughing spasms and laboured breathing are symptoms. Get Do-Do and get rid of your breathing difficulties!



Dō-Dō

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ASTHMA TABLETS

SEND NOW!

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I have NOT tried Do-Do. Please send me a Free Test Supply. (Don't seal envelope; use ½d. stamp).

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WEAR Admiralty "Uniform" Brand Overalls. Made from Genuine Admiralty Bluette Cloth as used in the Navy. All main seams treble sewn. All guaranteed to wash and wear. Bib Pants, Jackets or Trousers per garment 5/11. Boiler Suits, 9/6 each. Write, mentioning *John Bull* to Messrs. J. Langdon and Sons Ltd., Duke Street, Liverpool, 1, for free pattern of material and name of outfitter in your town.

A FREE leaflet explains "The Tale of the Willow Pattern" and can be obtained from [illegible] & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 22 Camden Street, Birmingham, 1, the makers of beautifully patterned chromium-plate aluminium ware. The great distinction of Willow ware is that the inside of each article is made perfectly plain, there are no crevices to catch grease or dirt. The Willow pattern is cleverly worked on the outside. A teapot, part of the Teaset, costs only 7/6, so the cost is low, although the quality is high. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for a copy of this informative leaflet.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.10, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1939 SEED CATALOGUE. 144 pages, 265 photographs, 6-colour plates. Free to all readers mentioning *John Bull*. DOBBIE & CO., Ltd., EDINBURGH, 7.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 37/6, or 3/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

IS YOUR GARDEN large or small? Whether you have just a small patch or an acre of ground, the new style pocket "Gardening," edited by Mr. Richard Sudell, will help you to make the most of it. The January number now on sale comprises 100 pages, containing 28 Articles and Features and 94 Illustrations. Tells what to do in January—How to Grow Orchids—How to make a low wall from cement—Tank Gardening—Greenhouse Heating and Seed Sowing—Constructing a Scree Garden—Garden Planning—Designs for Pools—Other People's Ideas—The Vegetable Garden—Gadgets, etc., etc. You will enjoy reading every page. Get a copy of the new easy-to-carry "Gardening" before the January number is sold out. Price sixpence everywhere. Look for the Pansies on the front cover.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials. Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's Remedy for Colds and Influenza. Does not affect the heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c.—CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 39), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting, or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

FREE test supply for immediate relief from Asthma, Catarrh, etc. Fill in the coupon in the display advertisement on this page for a test supply of Do-Do Tablets FREE!

TEST SAMPLE and free 64-page book, "Nature's Healing Powers," for all sufferers from gastric and digestive troubles. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Suntona, Ltd., 50, Exchange Walk, Nottingham. Attach 6d. stamps.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, fully explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

ACCEPT this unique Health Offer. If you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Yestamin Co., Dept. C. (The English Grains Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent, for special trial supply of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the wonderful Vitamin yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

FREE to Rheumatism Sufferers! Generous Free Sample packet of "Hervea," which clears and expels Uric Acid from the system. Write for supply to-day, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mr. H. Lee, Colonial Importer (Dept. 12b), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (191C), Palace Gate, W.8.

A SPECIAL REMINDER! Don't forget to send in your entries for the "Fitting Phrases" Competition as soon as possible. Free coupons appeared in the issue of December 24, and they can all be enclosed in the same envelope sealed (1½d. stamp). £140 in cash prizes must be won. No entrance fee. Note closing date, Wednesday, January 11, 1939. Address entries: Fitting Phrases, *John Bull*, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Save the issue for reference in case this unique opportunity to win a valuable cash prize may be overlooked.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Free advice and particulars are offered in the Bennett College announcement on page 6.

FILL in the coupon on page 31 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of this famous dog mixture.

IF you suffer with influenza, colds or fevers, send for a free copy of "Everybody's Doctor" to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See page 25.

A NEW style Recipe Book free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Batchelor's Peas, Ltd., Sheffield, and a copy of their famous recipe book will be sent by return.

VALUABLE free gifts are given in exchange for Distil Coffee coupons.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Distil Mfg. Co. (1921) Ltd., Mocha House, Mint Street, S.E.1.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Particulars are offered in the British Institute of Engineering Technology announcement on page 31. Fill in the coupon and post at once.

HOW to keep Health, Happiness and Affection in your life! Amazing book FREE to every reader. A remarkable chart is sent with every book. Fill in the coupon in the Wincarnis advertisement now, on page 23.

FREE.—Women readers can obtain a Beauty Outfit, containing Tokalon Powders and Skinfoods, for both day and night use. Send 3d. stamp for post, pkg., etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. [illegible]), Chase Rd., Ldn., N.W.10. See p. 33.

HERE'S extra money for you. Fill in the coupon in LITTLEWOOD'S advt. on page 27 for a free copy of their 250-page unique Littlewood catalogue and hints on forming and running a club, with details of commission and bonuses. Post coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

FREE.—Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a leaflet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 43), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Seasheen Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull* to Dept. W.J.B.35, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See page 22.

OXO Rhymes. £1 1s. will be paid for suitable rhymes published. Here is an example. "A chef when we asked him his views, On a good 'tip' for flavouring stews, Said Oxo's the best, It adds savour and zest, To all gravies, soups, stews and ragouts!" You can send in as many suggestions as you like, but be sure to mention *John Bull*.—Write to Dept. J.B., Oxo, Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.4.

ARE SOME CHILDREN 'FATED' TO CATCH THINGS?

These days most children get a cod liver oil tonic in winter. In spite of this, some children keep getting ill. Why?

IT'S no joke when a child keeps catching colds, coughs and 'flu. That is why nearly every mother gives her child a cod liver oil tonic in winter. Cod liver oil is specially recommended by the Ministry of Health. It not only prevents colds, but also builds up children's strength against all kinds of infection.

But sometimes, in spite of this care, a child keeps catching things. Can it be fate, mothers ask?

The real trouble is that thousands of children cannot take ordinary cod liver oil—their digestions are not strong enough. What these children need is cod liver oil *in its most quickly digestible form*—Scotts Brand Emulsion.

"*When cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion,*" writes an eminent Medical Research Body, "*children can wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building goodness they need.*"

SOUND REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for some children to take.
2. Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most quickly digestible form of cod liver oil. Immediately after taking, every drop goes to strengthen the child's whole body, particularly the chest and lungs.
3. Scotts Brand Emulsion actually makes the digestive juices work more strongly, so that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scott's Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda, to help still further in building up your child's bones and teeth.

Give your child a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion *three times every day*. Trial size 1/3, larger sizes 3/- and 5/-.

"Baby was a little shrimp"

"*My baby kept getting colds,*" writes a Battersea mother. "*She didn't gain, and looked such a little shrimp. I gave her a protective tonic, but she didn't get much benefit from it. But when I changed to Scotts Brand Emulsion, she began to pick up wonderfully. Now she has no more colds and she's gaining as regularly as clockwork.*"

SERIOUS WARNING TO THOSE WHO WANT TO SLIM

There is no need to follow Starvation Diets, take Dangerous Drugs, Weakening Purging Medicines or to indulge in Body-Straining Exercises. Such practices are harmful. You must take "SILF" — the Natural and Safe Way to Slimness.

READ THIS REPORT BY A LONDON SPECIALIST

"For some time past," he writes, "I have tried the effects of your 'Silf' treatment for Obesity and have formed the opinion that it produces most satisfactory results without any ill-effects. I have tried it in the obesity of young adults, and in cases of obesity of middle age, and in both types of cases my patients have responded well with gradual and safe weight reduction and a maintenance and even increase in the general feeling of well-being . . . ."

Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box (You save money by purchasing the larger sizes), or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46K), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Pools Parliament

CUP-TIE PROBLEMS

● **Pools fans, this is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

By "Poolex"

"HOW very different is cup-tie football from the usual League stuff!" writes a Cheltenham reader.

"Every football enthusiast knows of that difference—but that knowledge doesn't tell us what results to expect in cup-tie weeks."

He continues:

"Not only would a few hints on this subject from 'Poolex' be very welcome, but there are some more queries that I would like answering—queries that must spring to the minds of many football followers.

"To begin with, what is the actual difference in strength between the various League divisions? In other words, what chance do Division III clubs have against the giants?

"Second point: some clubs always do well in the Cup. Which are they—and should they be supported whatever the circumstances?

"Thirdly, am I correct in thinking that away wins are more frequent in Cup-tie weeks?"

As "Enquirer" says, League form is not generally a reliable guide to Cup-tie forecasting, even when considering ties between clubs from the same division.

When different divisions meet, class does tell to a considerable extent, but it would not be wise to support the senior club in every case.

Over a number of years, the records show that a First Division club at home has, on average, a 2-to-1 on chance of winning its tie at the first attempt. Indeed, only Division II clubs, as would be expected, have provided any serious opposition in the past.

The chances of a First Division club losing a home Cup-tie to a team from any other division are remote. There seems to be a similar margin in favour of Division II over Division III.

When the senior club is away, an away win is practically an even chance. If you make your away selections from these matches only (but don't pick *all* the strongly tipped aways), you will have the best chance.

He's Cashed 112 Cheques from "John Bull"

Here you see Mr. A. Lovis, 50, Bolton Street, Brixham, Devon, who secured a JOHN BULL Crossword Life Pension of 30s. Weekly in November, 1936. Already his Saturday Pension cheques total 112, and they will continue for the rest of his life. Turn to the big Crossword Offer on page 32, and you may well win 20s. Weekly for Life and £250 in immediate cash!

The success of the seniors away accounts for the high proportion of away wins in Cup-ties.

In the past, the third round, which is played on Saturday, has produced an average of eleven away wins out of thirty-two matches each year.

Regarding tradition, there are several clubs which nearly always do well in the Cup competition. The strongest in this respect are Arsenal, Derby, Everton, Manchester City, Preston, Tottenham and West Bromwich. I do not suggest that you forecast wins for these teams, but avoid backing against them.

There are other clubs which, despite reasonably good League records, rarely do well in the Cup. The most outstanding of these are Birmingham, Bury, Chelsea, Fulham, Notts Forest, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Southampton and West Ham.

Think twice before supporting them.

Possible, Not Practical

Is it possible to permute forecasts for a penny pool so that if you have the right *make-up* of results you will win a dividend?

I have a system which quite frequently gives the actual results, but not in the right order.

For example, last week my forecast was made up of six homes, four draws, two aways. The winning line was made up of the same numbers of homes, draws and aways, but on different matches. Can I use a permutation to get the results in the right order?—W. H., Dorking.

This is a question that I am very frequently asked. Mathematically, it can be done, of course, but, practically, the number of lines required makes the idea useless.

For instance, to cover all the different arrangements of the combination you mention would need 13,860 lines!

Form Analysis

Last week an analysis of the teams in Divisions I and II was given, grading the teams according to home and away form *in recent matches only*. Below, "Poolex" completes the analysis for the remaining divisions.

Home and away records are treated separately, and each League is analysed into three groups. Teams that show definite signs of recent improvement are marked (I), while those whose form appears to be declining are marked (D).

DIVISION III (N.). HOME FORM.
Strong: Barnsley, Darlington, Doncaster, Rochdale, Stockport, Wrexham.

Medium:—Barrow (I), Bradford City, Carlisle, Chester, Crewe (D), Gateshead, Halifax, Hartlepools, Hull, New Brighton (D), Oldham, Southport.

Weak: Accrington, Lincoln (I), Rotherham, York (I).

DIVISION III (N.). AWAY FORM.
Strong: Barnsley, Chester, Doncaster, Hull (D.), Oldham (D), Southport.

Medium: Barrow (I), Bradford City (I), Crewe (D), Gateshead (D), Halifax, Lincoln, New Brighton, Stockport (I), York (D).

Weak: Accrington, Carlisle, Darlington, Hartlepools (I), Rochdale, Rotherham, Wrexham.

DIVISION III (S.). HOME FORM.
Strong: Aldershot, Brighton, Crystal Palace, Newport, Reading, Watford.

Medium: Bristol City, Clapton Orient, Mansfield, Northampton, Notts County (I), Port Vale (D), Q.P.R., Southend, Swindon (I).

Weak: Bournemouth, Cardiff (I), Exeter (I), Ipswich (I), Torquay, Walsall, Bristol Rovers.

DIVISION III (S.). AWAY FORM.
Strong: Aldershot, Crystal Palace, Newport, Q.P.R., Reading, Torquay.

Medium: Bournemouth (D), Brighton (I), Bristol City, Cardiff, Exeter, Mansfield (I), Southend, Swindon.

Weak: Bristol Rovers, Clapton Orient (I), Ipswich, Northampton, Notts County, Port Vale (I), Walsall, Watford (I).

SCOTTISH LEAGUE. HOME FORM.
Strong: Ayr, Celtic, Hamilton, Hibernian, Motherwell, Partick, Rangers, St. Johnstone.

Medium: Aberdeen (D), Falkirk, Hearts, Kilmarnock, Queen of the South, St. Mirren (I), Third Lanark.

Weak: Albion Rovers, Arbroath, Clyde, Queen's Park, Raith Rovers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE. AWAY FORM.
Strong: Celtic, Hearts, Kilmarnock, Partick, Rangers.

Medium: Clyde (D), Falkirk, Hibernian, Motherwell, Queen's Park (I), Raith Rovers, St. Johnstone, Third Lanark (I).

Weak: Aberdeen, Albion Rovers, Arbroath, Ayr, Hamilton, Queen of the South, St. Mirren.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

by Poolex (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, January 7.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

	January 7, 1939.	A	B	C
1	Grimsby v. Tranmere	1	x	
2	Rangers v. Arbroath	1	2	
3	Wolves v. Bradford	1	x	
4	Blackburn v. Swansea	1	x	
5	Sheffield Wednesday v. Yeovil	1	x	
6	Newport v. Walsall	1	2	
7	Barrow v. Crewe	1	2	*
8	Chesterfield v. Southend	1	x	
9	Leeds v. Bournemouth	1	x	
10	Hearts v. Ayr	1	2	
11	Notts C. v. Burnley	1	2	
12	Huddersfield v. Notts Forest	1	x	
14	Birmingham v. Halifax	1	x	
15	Hull v. Rotherham	1	2	
16	Middlesbrough v. Bolton	1	2	
17	Liverpool v. Luton	1	x	
18	Aston Villa v. Ipswich	1	x	
19	Barnsley v. Stockport	1	x	
20	Q.P.R. v. West Ham	1	2	
21	Brighton v. Swindon	1	x	
22	Albion R. v. St. Mirren	1	x	*
23	Hamilton v. Falkirk	1	2	*
24	Aberdeen v. Hibernian	1	2	
25	Kilmarnock v. Third Lanark	1	x	*
26	Oldham v. Hartlepools	1	2	
27	Portsmouth v. Lincoln	1	x	
28	W.B.A. v. Manchester U.	1	2	
29	Sunderland v. Plymouth	1	x	
30	Derby v. Everton	1	2	
31	York v. Millwall	2	x	
32	Fulham v. Bury	2	1	
33	Leicester v. Stoke	2	1	
34	Exeter v. Aldershot	2	1	*
35	Accrington v. Wrexham	2	x	
36	New Brighton v. Carlisle	2	1	*
37	Clyde v. St. Johnstone	2	x	*
38	Southport v. Doncaster	2	x	
39	Runcorn v. Preston	2	x	
40	Brentford v. Newcastle	2	1	
41	Queen's Park v. Motherwell	2	x	
42	Cardiff v. Charlton	2	x	
43	Chelsea v. Arsenal	2	1	
44	Bristol Rovers v. Port Vale	2	x	
45	Queen of South v. Partick	2	x	
46	Blackpool v. Sheffield U.	2	1	
47	Chelmsford v. Southampton	2	x	
48	Chester v. Coventry	2	1	
49	Norwich v. Manchester C.	2	x	
50	Raith R. v. Celtic	2	x	

Small investors in the pools should study the "Sporting Life Weekly" every Saturday for the special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of many useful features included in the "Weekly's" comprehensive pools service.

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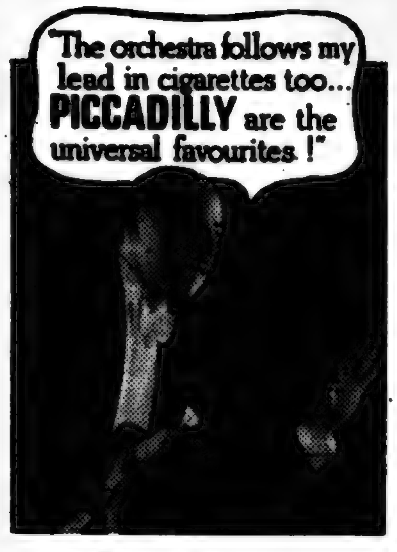
BANISH suffering from these distressing maladies by taking Do-Do tablets which are of utmost value for all respiratory disorders in which coughing spasms and laboured breathing are symptoms. If you have never tried Do-Do you can try it free. Simply fill in the coupon on page 29 and send in an unsealed envelope using ½d. stamp and a free test supply will be sent to you. If you prefer you can write, mentioning "John Bull," to the International Laboratories, Ltd., 30/42, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.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40-44, STRAND, W.C.2
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172-4, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET - W.8
5-11, WESTBOURNE GROVE - - W.2
167-169, QUEENSWAY - - - W.2
56-58, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER

TOOTING	1-3, HIGH STREET
SUTTON	165-169, HIGH STREET
CROYDON	139, NORTH END
LEWISHAM	220, HIGH STREET
WEST EALING	108-110, THE BROADWAY
HOUNSLOW	126-128, HIGH STREET
WALTHAMSTOW	241-3-5, HIGH STREET
ILFORD	134, HIGH ROAD
ROMFORD	75, 77, 79, SOUTH STREET
HOLLOWAY	376, HOLLOWAY RD.
CANNING TOWN	89-91, RATHBONE ST.
BETHNAL GREEN	189-195, GREEN STREET

NOTE STRAND and ALL BRANCHES, except Oxford St. and Kensington, OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY 9 a.m.—[illegible] p.m. Oxford St. and Kensington shut Saturday 1 p.m., open all day Thursday. Props., BOLSOM BROS. ([illegible]) LTD. Phone: VICTORIA 7616-0.

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Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant bleeding? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk Brand OINTMENT

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing, it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence thus preventing septic conditions where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk.

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In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

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1 3 7

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, January 12, 1939.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-Square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 26. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 31, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 34.

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £1,000!

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Giant Cash Offer. Coupons on page 35. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Jockey can easily manage horse in this
2. Youngsters sometimes prefer to keep these to themselves
9. Require
11. Axe is in some cases used to cut this down
14. You don't often see them worn
15. Consumes
17. Swift attack by big bombing planes in war will do this
18. There's not likely to be much complaint about paying one
19. This of successful man may mean a lot to struggling actor
20. What petrol containers sometimes are
21. Outing in motor coach means that you have this

DOWN CLUES.

1. People frequently put this in tube
3. Not shut
4. Heavy drinker of spirits often feels he'd like to have one
5. It's not correct to do this stiffly
6. Is used a good deal for scenes on stage
7. One doesn't expect politicians to do this at moment of crisis
8. Some women wish they could take a small one
10. He works hard to succeed in his particular line
12. One needs very little for a small cake
13. Is sometimes cultivated with hopes of good harvest
16. Number in stencil
17. There are a few authors who always write stories about this

£2,200 & 63 HAMPERS WON IN X-WORD No. 134

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 134, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square were the following 3 competitors, who submitted entries differing at one point only from the most meritorious Sets of Answers seen on Square on right.

MISS L. CRIDGE, Kennel Lane, Reepham, Nr. Lincoln.
R. J. SMITH, 34, Windermere Avenue, Finchley, N.3.
T. WYATT, 30, Cunard Street, Camberwell, S.E.5.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £2,000, and a cheque for £666 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, January 10, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £200 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 60 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £3 6s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

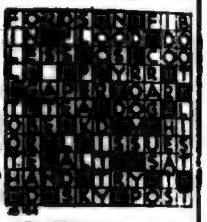
Each cash prize-winner will also receive one of the famous "John Bull" Hampers.

An extra £3 Xmas Bonus will be sent with each Hamper whose winner submitted entry requiring and accompanied by entry-fee of 1s. 6d. or more.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. POKER. 4. FIR. 6. FLOOD. 7. LENS. 9. COO. 11. GAPER. 12. OAR. 15. DOG. 20. ALT. 21. TRY. 22. SKY. 23. POST.
DOWN.—1. PILL. 2. OBR. 3. ROSY. 5. BOOT. 8. SPATE or STATE. 9. CRAG. 10. PEAK. 11. ROOMS. 14. TOOTH. 16. LIST. 17. BREAD. 18. HEATS. 19. LADS.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.
One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SPATE and STATE were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

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(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

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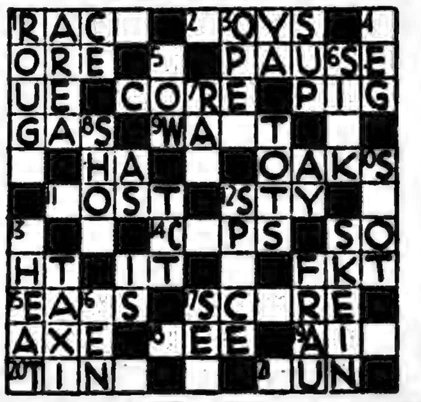
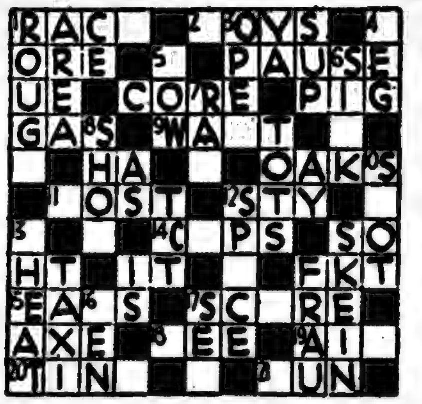


IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value........ No.........
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

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EXTRA DAY TO POST See Rule 1.

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IF USING TWO SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

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With 6 squares send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
With 8 squares send P.O. for 2s.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

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Note :— CLOSING POSTMARK Thurs., Jan. 12

HUGE ONE-WEEK OFFER NEXT WEEK!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

When Puddleton played Muddleton—
Unhappiest man whistled most

MOTORIST (Birmingham).—"The magistrate said I was a danger to pedestrians and disqualified me from driving for two years, though my living depends on it." o does theirs.

H. V. Y. (Epsom).—"I have a current account." t the bank or the electric light company?

G. H.-G. (Rickmansworth).—"I weigh 18 stone nd am going to take up horse-riding to slim." he horse?

D. R. (Welwyn).—"Before telling her all about ny cruise, I dosed my skin liberally with a tanning preparation." To lend colour to your story, e suppose.

S. V. (Bradford).—"When a chap's wife runs way with the chauffeur, it's a bad business." Yes, good chauffeurs are not too asy to replace.

D. M. (Groombridge).—"Those who nake a habit of queueing up for theatres ave to stand a lot." Yes, even when hey get inside, sometimes.

R. N. (Camborne).—"Who would you ay were among our most eligible bachelors?" A number of mothers with pretty aughters.

E. M. (Colne).—"Unmarried women ecretly look upon men as fools." Whereas narried ones do it quite openly.

S. B. (Chester).—"He came out of the ank manager's office looking very worried." That overdrawn look?

INVESTOR (Southport).—"A few really honest company promoters are wanted." So are a few of the other ort.

S. M. (Hoxton).—"After an afternoon's hopping with the wife, she suggested hat we should take a 'bus home." What, s well as all the parcels?

J. H. (Hendon).—"After the festive eason along come the accounts." And fter the accounts along come the tradesmen.

W. B. (Mortlake).—"At the wedding reakfast the bridegroom made a speech asting half an hour." He probably ealised it was his last chance.

W. B. (Kingston).—"The morning bath s a rite that should be observed by everybody." But most people prefer to lock he bathroom door.

W. L. (Taunton).—"When the Roman crowds at gladiatorial displays put their thumbs up it was a sign that the vanquished would be spared." Nowadays it is a sign of the Lambeth Walk.

ANIMAL-LOVER (Kew).—"There are great differences between cats." We know. We heard some the other night.

DORIS (Elstree).—"I wonder why my six-year-old brother wanted to go to my wedding dressed up as a bandit." Perhaps he had been told that he would have to hold up your train.

D. L. (Morden).—"According to my figures, there is seating capacity for between two and three million people in London's public buildings." Have you included skating-rinks?

R. K. (Runcorn).—"The butcher sent round yesterday to ask if I would let him have something off his last three accounts." And did you send him the paper-weight?

P. G. (Banbury).—"Most of the best men in life have been optimists." And so have some of the poor bridegrooms.

S. M. (Frome).—"After being a shop assistant for the last five years, I have decided to become a professional boxer." You mean to strike out for yourself.

E. N. (Esher).—"This nation hasn't got cold feet." Nevertheless, hot-water bottles still command a good sale.

J. D. (Rotherham).—"Nowadays it's a case of being content with what you can get." How about £1,000 worth of contentment? You can get that with a coupon from page 35.

S. T. (Hull).—"Can you tell me the best way to keep a really frank diary?" Under lock and key.

T. P. (Pirton).—"A successful man is one who can earn more than his wife can spend." And a successful woman is one who can land such a man.

R. N. (Yeovil).—"My wife and two daughters usually decide what sort of a winter outfit I shall have." By buying their own first?

H. D. B. (Dundee).—"My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French, but the joke was on him." You told the waiter to give him the bill?

L. P. (Goole).—"What worries me is not my wife's absence for a day or two." But her return?

P. B. (Edgware).—"Cars are evil-smelling abominations." Never mind. Perhaps you'll be able to afford one later on.

CIVIL SERVANT (London, S.E.).—"Hard work never did me any harm." You've never done any?

S. B. (Sutton).—"What is more futile than the title of the average popular song?" The average popular song.

SCHOOLBOY (Acton).—"Our English master has told us to write an essay on a tram." What about?

SCIENTIST (Hove).—"Much so-called mud has many valuable properties." And many so-called valuable properties have much mud.

E. J. (Kingswood).—"My brother receives twenty pounds a week for playing the violin in an orchestra. That's five pounds a string!" He ought to have learned to play the harp.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

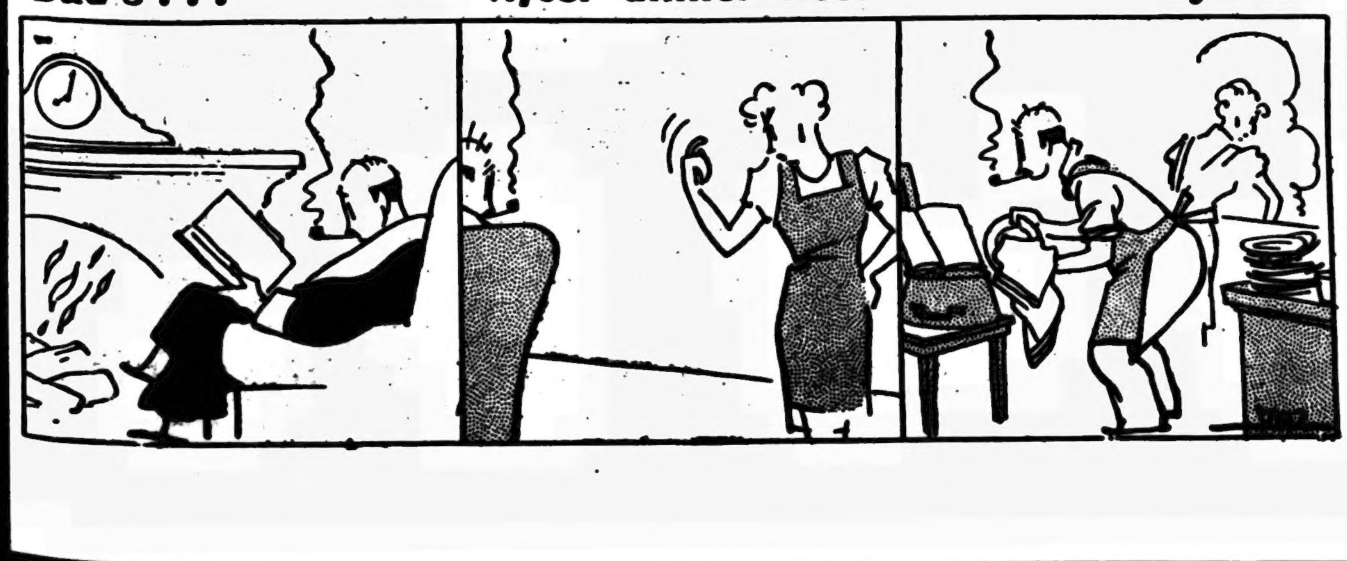
HECKMONDWIKE HERALD:—". . . left gross estate of the value of £4,160 17s. 7d., with net personalty £4,093 19s. 1d. Mr. S. P——, Mrs. M. M. P——, etc., are the EXECUTIONERS."

BOSTON AND SPALDING FREE PRESS:—"The bride travelled in a clover three-piece suit, with hat, shoes and SANDBAG to tone."

THE BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"This was shown by figures produced in evidence to the committee on SPRINTERS' pensions at 55 . . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The Queen who brought Britain Bombay taught us to drink tea and endured for years the spectacle of her royal husband KILLING Nell Gwynn."

Dad's . . . After-dinner Rest by Maz



"This BIOCEL SKINFOOD certainly takes away WRINKLES"
FREE
try this recipe tonight

"Its effect was almost magical. In a couple of weeks it made me look 10 years younger. Biocel—a doctor told me—is the discovery of a great Vienna University Professor. It is now contained in every jar of Crème Tokalon, Rose Colour. Use this cream every night and Crème Tokalon, White Colour, in the morning. This will soon make a sallow, dull complexion, glow with new youthful vitality; make the skin clear, fresh, firm and free from blemishes and wrinkles." By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit, containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also a special box of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder and four samples of other shades. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422P), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Avoid sore hands and chapped face

by using

Snowfire Tablet

3d. Family Sizes 6d. & 7½d.

Soft Snowfire [illegible] 3d.

CROSSWORD No. 137.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 32 is presented the 137th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following—The Editor of JOHN BULL and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, January 26, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "JOHN BULL'S" free weekly Crossword Gazette, obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 32. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE

of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair

—it adjusts itself!

THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. Don't overlook the offer on page 25. The new 1939 Berkeley Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for 5/- with order and small monthly payments of only 10/-. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send for this to-day—NOW, while you think of it!

★ FREE OFFER

A GENEROUS free sample of Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy, is offered to all readers suffering from Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Eczema, Rheumatism and other disorders of the blood and circulatory system. This will be sent, post free, with an interesting booklet which fully explains how Elasto treats these distressing ailments through the blood. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover now, while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!!

DOG LOVERS!

Fill in the Coupon on p. 21

IF you really take an interest in looking after the welfare of your family pet, get particulars of the oldest dog medicine in the world—Benbow's Dog Mixture—the original tonic and conditioner for dogs of all breeds. Get free particulars of how to condition your dog if he is off colour, listless and continually scratching. Full particulars of interest to all dog lovers will be sent on receipt of the coupon in the special announcement on page 21.

Enjoy Vigorous Healthy Hair with this *New* HAIR DRESSING *and* SOAPLESS SHAMPOO.

—You can try them FREE!

ACCEPT this double offer. A trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to improve your scalp and keep your hair perfectly in place, and 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoos. All you need do is to send two penny stamps with your name and address to Dept. W.J.B.20, Chesebrough Manufg. Co. Cons'd, Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Send to-day and end at once all your dry scalp troubles!

Don't overlook

BOLSOMS' ANNUAL SALE

on pages 4 and 5

—the greatest Furnishing Sale ever!

FOR YOUR THROAT

Guard your throat against infectious winter ills with these delicious pastilles. They are absolutely pure and contain the juice of ripe blackcurrants.

Allenburys

GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT

PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

P9

TO REMOVE HAIR

Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

Make this 3 MINUTE TEST

Amazing new discovery! A dainty, white fragrant cream. Apply it straight from the tube. Wash off with plain water. Every trace of hair is gone! Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet. No stubble like the razor leaves. No coarse regrowth. Sold everywhere under Trademark New "VEET." Razors only make hair grow faster and coarser. The quick, easy pleasant way to end your superfluous hair troubles for ever is with New "VEET." At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.). Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded.

RHEUMATISM and NEURITIS

To be utterly pain-free after years of suffering—to walk with ease once more—to look forward again to an active life after the grim threat of an invalid's chair . . . *it's wonderful!*

Such is the joyous thought of Mrs. E. M. S., of Petersfield, who at long last has found the way of escape from the clutches of Rheumatism.

"I had Rheumatism and Neuritis badly in arms, hands, legs and feet," she writes. "They used to swell an awful size. The pain was so bad I could hardly walk about. But now I have found great benefit from Fynnon Salt. I have taken only a tin and a half so far, but the pain has quite gone! It does seem a treat after being in so much pain for years to go about free of pain."

What famous Spa Waters do for the wealthy few, Fynnon does for everybody. Here, in handy form, are the real Spa Water elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium which stimulate every cell and every organ in your body; which rinse away the destructive acid crystals and poisons, leaving your [illegible] purified and refreshed. Take a teaspoon[illegible] these grand "Salts of the Earth[illegible] tumblerful of water every morning [illegible] the new year the beginning of a new[illegible]

Large tins of Fynnon Salt 1/3 at [illegible] Chemists.

FEB

WHO WANTS JOHN BULL'S

FIRST BULLETS GIANT OF 1939?

Great New Year Campaign

WIN THIS FORTUNE WITH A FEW SIMPLE WORDS

HOW long would it take you to save £1,000? Even with the most painstaking economy, to get together a four-figure fortune is almost beyond the horizon of the average wage-earner.

Here, in another fine *Bullets* Offer, JOHN BULL brings you a magnificent opportunity to capture £1,000 simply by using care and common-sense. In addition to this fine First Prize opportunity, a batch of other big cheques is waiting to be won this week, and these are followed by fifty prizes of grand 10-in-1 Cases of Groceries.

Fill your pockets! Fill your larder! Fill up your coupons—NOW!

HOW TO WIN To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, PLAYING WITH FIRE, you might jot down *Trying To Rescue Auntie*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, PLAYING WITH FIRE—RESCUING FIREMAN FROM AUNTIE.

Before starting to make up your own *Bullets*, study the varied styles of the leading efforts in our 1,150th Contest below.

Then make a start, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, January 14.

USE THESE EXAMPLES

- BRITAIN'S MOTTO
- TO HELP THE RAILWAYS
- REFUGEES
- CHANCELLOR MOTHER
- EUROPE'S UNSETTLED, BUT
- TO WIN HER HAND
- CURATE'S PROBLEM
- SHE WENT TO THE SALE AND
- UNPALATABLE
- THE AGGRESSOR
- PLAYING WITH FIRE
- RUN DOWN
- HARD TO DECIDE
- PRICELESS ASS
- SOLD A PUP
- WHEN AUNTIE CAUGHT A COLD
- GLAMOUR GIRL
- KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING
- NEARER AND NEARER
- THE TRAGEDY IS PASSING
- TIME FLIES, SO
- SQUARE DEAL
- IF DAD WERE BOSS

£1,102 CASH and 50 HAMPERS WON IN "BULLETS" No. 1,150

First Prize, £250—augmented by £750 as announced:

R. V. THORNHILL, 10, Staveley Road, Leicester.

Example: WHEN MARRIED

Bullet: "FINISHING SQUARE," "PUZZLE" WEEKLY.

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

F. FULLER, 4, Crumpsall Street, Abbey Wood, S.E.

Example: Taxation Snowball

Bullet: "Scorcher," But "Fireside" Safe.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. H. BARNSLEY, 139, Larks Hall Road, Chingford, E.

Example: Trusting To Luck

Bullet: And "Power Above," Miner.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: J. H. RAMSDEN, Glyf House, North Street, Nazeing, Essex.
Dictator Mars—Or "Master's" Dictates, Europe?

£8: T. PRENTICE, Oakrise, West Wickham, Kent.
Procession Of The Years — Grandpa "Reviews"—Coals, "Red-coats."

£7: W. H. KIELY, "Purley," Hermitage Road, Knaphill, Woking, Surrey.
Chap I Hate—"Soaps" Me—"Soaks" Me.

£6: S. SHINWELL, 4, The Spinney, London Road, Cheam, Surrey.
To Make A Million—Crosses, *One* Mad "Stroke"?
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: W. JONES, 6, Nuttall Street, Pendleton, Salford.
Taxation Snowball—Chancellor Hides—Then, Smack!

[illegible]: G. A. JARVIS, Summerhill, Brynteg Avenue, Bridgend.
[illegible]eds More—Than One Neville, Peace.

[illegible] M. MARSHALL, 42, Arlington Lodge, Brixton Hill, S.W.
[illegible]ictator Mars—*Undisputed* "Ruler" Of Spain.

£750 BONUS AWARD

In accordance with announcement, [illegible] Prize "Bullets" in Contests Nos. 1,148, [illegible] and 1,150 have been compared in merit [illegible] additional £750 has been awarded to [illegible] First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. [illegible]

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

F. J. BAYLIS, 6, Broome Lane, Swindon, Wilts.
Trusting To Luck—Lighthouse-keepers Time *We* "Reflected."

R. BRAIN, Lock House, Station Road, Llandaff North, Cardiff.
Dad Went To The Dentist And—Had Removed—Homemade Toffee!

J. L. BURTON, 70, Newport Lane, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.
Had A Good Many—Boss—He's "Promoted" Everybody!

W. R. DAVIS 2, Priory Avenue, Harlow, Essex.
Serving The Nation—Government—"Dishing Out" Handbooks!

H. V. HEAD, 19, Alexandra Street, Hull.
Dictator Mars — "Condemned" — Who'll Pinion Arms?
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. G. HESLOP, 9, Dixon Street, Gateshead.
Of Needs More—"Fellowship," University Life.

Mrs. E. SUTTON, 15, Burlington Road, West Bromwich, Staffs.
Had A Good Many—Whittington — *Stage* "Turned Again"!

Mrs. W. TANNER, St. Benets, Clevedon, Som.
Dad Went To The Dentist And—Pulled Bell—Sang Carol!

F. THIRKETTLE, 99, Harwood Avenue, Ardleigh Green, Hornchurch.
Chap I Hate—Immaculate, Through "Dirty Work."

W. H. WILSON, 46, Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool.
Dad Went To The Dentist And—Lost Toothache—Family, Headache!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 Hamper Winners and 200 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

Win £1,000

Cash for 2, 3 or 4 words on a coupon below!

opens with BIG ONE-WEEK OFFER
of CASH *and* GROCERY PRIZES
-and LOOK OUT FOR
ANOTHER £1,000
OPPORTUNITY NEXT WEEK

£350

This First Prize Cheque for "Bullets" No. 1,153, or that for Nos. 1,154 or 1,155 will be augmented to £1,000 cash, according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious. Thus you can WIN £1,000 WITH A COUPON BELOW!

1
1
5
3

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7
£6 £5 £4 £3 10 of £2-10

50 BIG 10·in·1 GROCERY CASES

to stock your larder for the coming months

THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________
EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________

(1,153)
Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 14.

P.O. No. ……………………

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ……………………
Address ……………………

EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________
EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________

(1,153)
Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 14.

P.O. No. ……………………

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ……………………
Address ……………………

EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________
EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________

(1,153)
Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 14.

P.O. No. ……………………

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ……………………
Address ……………………

FREE COUPON

FOR THIS COMPETITION [illegible] BELOW

EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________
EXAMPLE ______________________
BULLET ______________________

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,153, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed ……………………
Address ……………………

If using newsagent's coupon, copy details of Free Coupon on plain paper entry.

Save Money on Postage

With your Bullets entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,153 and Crossword No. [illegible], JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,153 usually purchase "John Bull."

RETAIN THIS VOUCHER

to enclose with entry for Next Week's

£1000 OPPORTUNITY

FREE NEW YEAR BONUS VOUCHER

FOR ENCLOSURE WITH YOUR ENTRY FOR *NEXT* WEEK'S CONTEST!

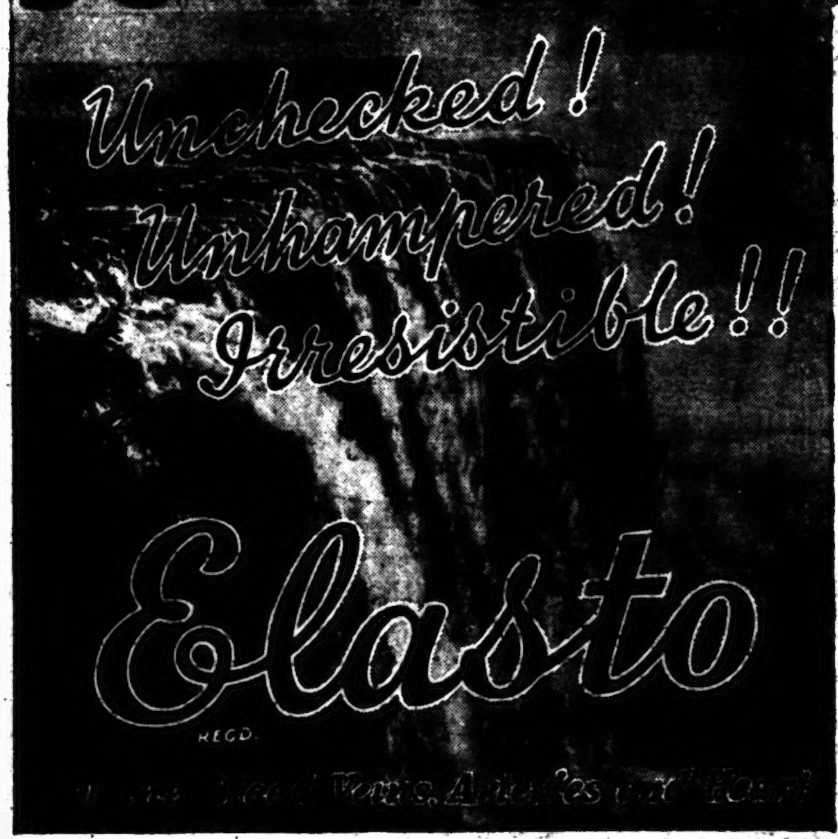
I certify that I entered............"Bullets" for BIG CASH and GROCERY OFFER, Contest No. 1,153. Accordingly, I claim the New Year Bonus Privilege announced in "John Bull" dated January 14. I enclose..................."Bullets" for Competition No. 1,154.

SIGNED ______________________
ADDRESS ______________________
____

The original cheque for £[illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. [illegible] will be displayed in the window of [illegible] and Hazell, [illegible], Prince of Wales Avenue, Reading.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,153, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

AS THE WATERS FLOW SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!


Unchecked!
Unhampered!
Irresistible!!
Elasto
REGD.
Veins, Arteries and Heart

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method *of curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read what users of Elasto say!

"Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Elasto has cured my bad leg."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp from which I had suffered for years."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."
"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."
"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."
"I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 60."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto."
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
"My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health."
Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels!

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels. Think of that—12,000 miles! *Sufficient to stretch half-way round the world.* This wonderful pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station, the heart. By means of this vital pipe-line, the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood-stream is at fault. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result.

It Acts Like Magic!

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON. E.C.I.

The Wonder Tablet!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day —NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself, what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE,
HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Revitalizer, cures through the Blood.

NAME..
(Please print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS..
....
....

J.B. No. 7120. Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

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